

CITY POLITIQUE.

A COMEDY.

As it is ACTED

BY HIS

Majesties Servants.

WRITTEN

By Mr. CROWN.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bantly in Covent-Garden, and Joseph Hindmarsh,
Book-Seller to His Royal Highness.

M. DC. LXXXIIII.

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COLLECTED

BY HIS

Majesty

WRITTEN

By Mr. CROWNE

LONDON

Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand

To the READER.



His PLAY, since its coming to light, has so clear'd its Self and Me from Aspersions, that I am afraid what I shall now, will appear Vanity, and a flourishing the Colours after Victory; but I think it not prudent to lay down Arms, when there is an Enemy in the Field: several Stories that once wounded my Reputation, and half smother'd this Play, still March up and down and do me private Mischief, and every Day they get new Detachments of additional Inventions; some of these I think my self bound to deal withal. 'Tis said, I openly confest, who I meant by the principal Characters in the Play, particularly by that of Bartoline. That this is false, common sence, and the Character it self will prove. Is it possible, I shou'd be such a Bartholomew-Cokes, to pull out my Turse in a Fair, and as soon as ever a Knappe tickled my Ear with a Sraw (a little silly Flattery) I shou'd let go my Discretion and perhaps my Fortune? (for Libels may prove costly things.) They that made this Fool's Coat for me, shou'd first have been sure it wou'd fit me, least it be turn'd on their Hands, and they made to wear it themselves. 'Tis known, I am too guilty of the other, extream of Reserv'dness, I do not often expose my Writings, much less my Thoughts naked; And for the same reason that Beggars keep out of the way, when they find the Officers severe, the Overseers of the Folly of the Parish, have so often Whipt an undrest poor piece of mine round the Town, when I brought it to beg a little Charitable Covering, that I care not to come at 'em. If I had nothing to depend on, but the Collections of Wit in the Play-Wardens-Box, I shou'd be miserable. If therefore I find such ill Entertainment, from those who pretend to provide for us, cou'd I hope for good from Strangers and Enemies? In the next place, is it probable, I shou'd make my self worse then I am, and accuse my self of Mischief I never intended? That I never design'd to personate any one, appears, because I have not done it; for I who have drawn

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the general Corruption of Lawyers so well, as to please considerable Judges, indeed the whole Town, could with as much ease have pick'd any Man's particular qualities, which I would not hear of, though some would have entic'd me to it. That I have made my Lawyer old and Married to a young Wife, is of no more concernment to any Gentleman in those Circumstances, then the description of a Thief in a Gazette, by his Wigg and Coat, is to an Honest Man directly so habited; He that finding his Friend's Accountments agree in some thing with those in the Advertisement, shall think him a Thief, and draw his Sword to defend him from every Constable, deserves to be laugh'd at for an Ass. I had a more honourable Opinion of those who are said to be personated, then to suspect any one would Apprehend them by Two such Lewd Characters as Bartoline and Lucinda; to which they are so directly opposite in all things, but what is innocent and common, Age and Marriage. If I must have stript my Characters of these for fear of giving offence, I must not bring a Villain on the stage with a Nose, because many honest Men have Noses, and some of 'em may be thought to be aim'd at. Nor is any one old Man, more than another, mimiqued by Mr. Lee's way of speaking, which all the Comedians can witness was my own invention, and Mr. Lee was taught it by me; to prove this farther, I have Printed Bartoline's part in that manner of spelling, by which I taught it Mr. Lee. They who have no Teeth cannot pronounce many Letters plain, but perpetually lisp, and break their words; and some words they cannot bring out at all. As for instance; th, is pronounc'd by thrusting the Tongue hard to the Teeth, therefore that sound they cannot make, but something like it. For that reason you will often find in Bartoline's part, instead of th, a y, as yat for that, yish for this, yosh for those, sometimes a t is left out, as housband for thousand, birchy for thirty; s, they pronounce like sh, as Sher for Sir, must for must; t, they speak like ch; therefore you will find, chrue for true, Chreason for Treason, cho for to, choo for two, chen for ten, chake for take. And this ch is not to be pronounc'd like k, as 'tis in Christian, but as in Child, Church, Chest. I desire the Reader to observe these things, because otherwise he will hardly understand much of the Lawyers part, which in the opinion of all is the most divertising in the Comedy; but when this ridiculous way of spelling is familiar with him, it will render the part more pleasant.

The

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The next suspicious Character is that of the Doctor; some say I have abus'd an Eminent Divine to whom this Nation is much oblig'd, and are greatly offended: Either that Divine is guilty of the faults I have expos'd, or not; if he be not, they abuse him by applying them to him; if he be, he is not wrong'd at all. If a Divine's Coat be foul, is it Sacrilege to brush it, and make him fit for Christian Society? strangely preposterous is the zeal of some Men, they will burn the Picture of Christ wherever they find it, but defend the Picture of the Devil if it be in the possession of one of their Friends. And St. Jude tells us, A Railer and Despiser of Dignities, is not like a good Angel, for St. Michael wou'd not rayl at the Devil; but I charge no Man with these Crimes, they who have a mind to bestow 'em on their Friends may. The other Characters I shall not trouble my self withal, but leave 'em to be shar'd among the Party as they please.

Having thus vindicated my Innocence, I must say something in behalf of my Discretion. Suppose I have not injur'd particulars, yet in assaulting a whole powerful Party, I appear little less than a Mad Man, at least in their opinion; perhaps I was so, when I first wrote this Play, then half the Nation was mad, and no Man that I saw had cause to be so but the Poets; our Trades and Liberties were actually seiz'd; all Professions broke in upon us, and made themselves Free of the Company of Rhimers, without any Charter from Nature. News-Mongers and Intelligencers took up the invention of Fables, and so clog'd the Market ours wou'd not vend. Joiners, Carpenters, and Bricklayers, applyed themselves to the building of State-Projects, and in order to that, very often took measure of Verse, but none o' their own heads; which they wou'd have found very unfit for either Profession, of Poetry or Policy. Now it is hard the Authours of these Confusions shou'd upbraid us with a Distemper themselves occasion'd, nay, encourag'd in their Friends, whom they endeavour'd to make as Mad as they cou'd; and truly when I saw so many Mad Men, I thought it a Shame for a Poet not to be as Mad as any one else. Tameless in a Poet is as great a Disease as Frenzy in another, and when a Poet does not rave, his Wits are not right. When all Mens brains were a Galloping, I cou'd not hold in mine, and I play'd but the same freaks others did; they rode a tilt at Lawful, and I at unlawful Powers; Mechaniques leapt over the Heads of Princes, and I over the Heads of Mechaniques; and I was held.

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held in so long, till they were taken many holes lower, that now I may be accounted a very sober Rider, and neither my Neck nor Discretion in danger. I am threatned by a Parliament, but they have a Childish opinion of that wise Assembly, who think they will concern themselves for such Poppets as I have made sport with. No doubt they will endeavour to tune the Nation, but not with such clattering Keys as mine; they will maintain the Laws, but not the Knavery and corruption of Lawyers; they will defend the Liberties of the Subject, but rayling, faction and sawciness, are no part of our Liberties that I know of; they will encourage the Evidences of the late Popish Plot against our Religion, but neither them or others in a Plot against good Manners. No doubt 'tis hateful to see Popes tread on the Necks of Princes, but 'tis as odious to see a Rabble sling dirt in their Faces: they will suppress the enemies of our Religion and Government, than they will encourage this Comedy, for it promotes the same design. Anyone that knows the dialect of these times, must needs understand the true Protestants reflected on in this Comedy, are a sort of Men who abuse that Honourable name by taking it to themselves; and whilst they cry Protestant Religion, Protestant Religion, mean as much another thing, as the Chimney-sweepers did that cryed Mull'd-Sack. A sturdy crue they are, that think to defie all Authority, and obtain what ever they ask, by begging in numbers like Gypsies. They pretend also to Fortune-telling, and exactly to know what shall be any Mans Destiny at the Conjunction of such Heavenly Bodies as a Parliament; or it may be by Physiognomy, if your Eyes be not as good in seeing Plots as theirs, and by twenty other marks in the Face or Hand: but they are so often mistaken in their predictions, their Art is become ridiculous. The Lines in my hand I do not understand, but I do perfectly those in my Comedy, and I am certain by them to suffer no mischief from good Men; I may as I have done already, from Lyars and barbarous cowardly Assassins. Thus much for the Innocence and Honesty of my Self and the Play, the Wit and Poetry of it, I leave to shift for themselves. I have heard nothing substantial objected against them, so I shall not fight with Chimeras. They who cannot find any Wit in it, perhaps wou'd be as much at a loss, if it were never so full, for 'tis probable Wit and they are so great Strangers, they may meet and never know it. They who do not like the Plot, must blame the Faction, who invented the Original, for mine's but a Coppy.

The Prologue, Spoken by Mr. Smith.

GOOD Heaven be Thankt, the Frenzy of the Nation
Begins to Cure, and Wit to grow in Fashion :
Long the Two Theatres did proudly jarr,
And for Chief Sway, like Two Republicques Warr ;
When of the sudden, a Devouring Host
Of Dreadful Knights, (I say not of the Post)

But strange Tongue Warriors, over-ran the Town,
And Blot the Stage, almost the Kingdom down.

And with the Stage the Poets must expire,
For Bells will melt, if Steeples be on Fire ;

Then Coffee-Houses Theatres were grown,

Where Zealots acted in a furious tone,

Oliver's Porter Damming Babylon.

But they more Mad, for he in his worst Fit,
Was ne'r so Mad as to Talk TREASON yet.

'Tis strange those Men should wish the POPE such Evil,
Who are so kind to the POPE's Friend, the DEVIL.

They Drink, they Whore, and at their Rulers Rant,

And all is well in a True PROTESTANT.

These Follies have the Nation long Employ'd,

And almost all the POETS Trade destroy'd.

That they may justly seek Reprisals now,

And Board those Pyrates which brought them so low ;

Seize on that Ware, by which some Men by stealth

Promote the Traffick of a Common-Wealth :

Ware, some believe by Priests and Jesuits Spun,

They Weave the Cloath, FANATICKS put it on.

But some will say, a POET mend the Age!

In these High Matters how dare they engage?

Why, SIRs, a Poets Reformation scorn ;

Since the Reformers now all POETS turn?

And by their awkward jangling Rhimes proclaim,

Like Bells rung backward, that the Town's on Flame :

The City WHIGGS such cursed Poets chuse,

For that alone they should their CHARTER lose.

He is a wretched Coxcomb, who believes

Muses, like JURIES, will be packt by SHERIFFS.

But their ill Pallat no fine dressing needs,

All Stuff that any Whiggish Fancy breeds,

They swallow down, and live like Ducks on Weeds.

These things give all the Nations round delight,

Sure at our Fools to laugh we have most right.

Lets not our Mirth to Forraign Kingdoms send,

But here the growth of our own Country spend.

Heaven knows what summs the CAUSE has cost this Town!

Here You may have it all for Half-a-Crown.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Florio. A Debauch, who pretends to be Dying of the Diseases his Vices brought upon him, and penitent, in love with *Rosaura*.

Artall. A Debauch that follows the Court, in love with *Lucinda*.

Paulo Camillo. A Factious, proud, busie, credulous, foolish, rich Citizen, chosen Chief Magistrate, or *Lord Podesta* of Naples.

Craffy. His Son, an impudent, amorous, pragmatical Fopp, that pretends to Wit and Poetry, in love with his Fathers Wife.

A Bricklayer. A bold, sawcy, Factious Fellow, that governs the *Podesta*.

Doctor Panchy. An ignorant railing Fellow, that pretends to Learning.

Bartoline. An old Corrupt Lawyer.

The Governour of the City. A Man of Honour and Worth.

A foolish mistaking *Irish* Witness Suborned by *Bartoline*.

Rosaura. A Wanton beautiful Woman, Married to the *Podesta*, and in love with *Florio*.

Lucinda. An ignorant wanton Country Girl, Married to *Bartoline*.

Scene *NAPLES.*

Enter

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Enter Florio in his Night-Gown.

Scene a Red-Chamber.

Enter Pietro.



Florio. Pietro.

Pietro. Sir.

Flo. What News *Pietro*? Has the worthy Citizen, whom I have Elected to be my Cuckold, attain'd the other Dignity of *Podesta* of *Naples* yet?

Piet. Not yet Sir, but he will attain it very speedily, all his Party are hard at work, Voices and Elboes at it, and they exceed the other Forty for one.

Flo. I am glad of it *Pietro*, for when he is chief Magistrate of *Naples*, I shall be _____ of his Wife, dispatch his Domestick Affairs, and receive all the Fees of that sweet Office.

Piet. In troth you deserve it Sir, for you buy the Place dear.

Flo. Indeed I give a great deal for it *Pietro*, I give some scores of ready Mistresses I have in bank for the reversion of one, which perhaps I may never enjoy.

Piet. A great Price Sir.

Flo. 'Tis so *Pietro*, I give away a hundred other pleasures into the bargain; as Drunkenness, a sweet sin *Pietro*, Wine is as necessary to a Man, as a Navigable River to a City, it conveys to him many pleasant Commodities; without it, he must depend upon his own growth.

Piet. 'Tis true Sir.

Flo. Then I part with all the Society of my witty lewd Friends, to keep company with dull lewd Saints.

Piet. Not Saints Sir, but *Whigs*.

Flo. That's as bad, and so loose the Reputation of my Loyalty and good Affection to my Prince.

Piet. You also part with the Reputation of being sound Sir, and of your affection to Women: In short Sir, you pass for a poor, rotten, dying Saint.

Flo. A dead Saint *Pietro*, at least a dead Sinner, for I appear the Ghost of what I was, all my Vices mortified, and I am in a World very different from that I us'd to live in; I talk Godly, a strange Language to me *Pietro*; I Pray, hear Sermons, live soberly, abstain from Wine, Women, and Wits, a strange life to me; but this new World is a dismal Purgatory, for as yet I have not attain'd my Heaven! my *Rosaura*, if I should never attain her *Pietro* —

Piet. 'Twill not be her fault Sir.

Flo. That's true *Pietro*.

Piet. I suppose Sir she is not frightned by the Ghost you appear to be.

Flo. No *Pietro*, she knows me to be Flesh and Blood, sound Flesh and Blood, whose onely Disease is a troublesome watchful Cuckold, if I can be cur'd of him, she'll venture on me.

Piet. If you never attain her Sir, Heaven be prais'd, you won't loose your sufferings, you will attain the States-man's Mistress, Popularity.

Flo. Popularity! Dam her! a lewd, inconstant, common Prostitute; so old she's blind, and cannot distinguish an honest Man from a Knave, though she has a hundred pair of Spectacles put on her Nose, that shew the Knave never so clear, she crys I can't see him; *Ignoramus, Ignoramus*, that's all the fence she has.

Piet. It may be not Sir, she sees well enough, but is too cunning to lay open the blemishes of her Stallion.

Flo. It may be so, but were she fairer then the most doting old States-man thinks her, she is not so charming as a Hundred beautiful Women which I loose for her.

Piet. That's true Sir.

Flo. Do not the Ladies give me for gone?

Piet. For a Dead Man Sir.

Flo. And do they lament me?

Piet. All, all, Sir, the vertuous Ladies sigh, and cry 'tis pitty, the other run distracted, the very common Whores abstain from Plays, and Bawds neglect their Brandy-Bottles.

Flo. You see what it is, *Pietro*, to do good in a Mans Generation; Hark!

The News *Pietro*?

Piet. Your Friend is Chosen Sir.

Flo. Is he? then shall I enter into my Employment speedily; now he is fill'd with Authority, he will be drunk with Pride to th'end of his Year, and I can make him reel whether and when I please; Hark! somebody comes —

Piet. Esquire Artall Sir.

*A Shout, Paulo, Paulo,
Pietro goes out, and
presently re-enters.*

[*Pietro looks out.*

Flo.

Flo. That Rogue! my Patch upon my Nose, my Pillow and sick Equipage quickly.

Enter Artall.

Art. Where's this damn'd confounded Hypocrite? this religious, factious, dying Saint? I come to give you Thanks for the Legacy you leave the Nation, a sweet Rogue you have helpt into power; we shall have a fine time on't.

Flo. Sir, if I have committed any crime in't, let the Law punish me, but do not Murder me with all this noise; I have mortal distempers enough upon me, I need not your bawling.

Art. That you have not one sound part in your Soul or Body I firmly believe; that the greatest part of your Body comes out of Shops, and every night goes not into Bed but Boxes, I know; but that your Soul and Body, although they have used one another, are upon parting, I no more believe, then that your Soul and your Vices are parted.

Flo. I value not what you believe Sir, but why shou'd it be incredible a Man shou'd part with any thing that uses him ill? say my Vices had not Murder'd me, 'tis sufficient they fool'd and enslav'd me.

Art. Ah poor Man!

Flo. I was a common Belman with my Rhimes to chime Fools asleep in their Sins, a Beadle to Whip out of the Parish impudent Beggers, and such we esteem all Church-Creeds and Principles.

Art. So you do still Sir, and are as little Charitable to 'em, whatever you pretend, as to any other kind of Beggers, for you will give good words to any handsome Begger you hope to make a Whore of; And you have a worse design on Religion, to make her a Bawd to carry on some lewd project.

Flo. Rail on, or Laugh on, or both, I care not, you and the rest of my Atheistical Companions were Heaven-threat'ning, which stood long between me and the Church; and though I dwelt among you, I confess, to my shame, I was afraid of you; but now (Heaven be praised) I have travel'd beyond you, and shall never look back on those horrors and precipices more.

Art. And are now got within a Days Journey of Heaven; Are you not Sir?

Flo. What is that to you Sir? get you about your business, do not disturb me, and make me waste my spirits to no purpose.

Art. I wou'd onely take my leave, wish you a good Journey, and ask

you when we shall see you agen; for you will not stay long in Heaven I know, there's no Company that you will like Sir.

Flo. None that I like so ill as yours Sir — [This Fellow aside.
vexes me so, I almost faint.

Art. There are none of your Club Sir, Wits that believe one *Stet* Divine before all the Twelve Apostles Sir.

Flo. I am quite fainting.

Art. That count his Story true, and all their's a Shamm Sir.

Flo. This Fellow babbles me out of my senses.

Art. You wou'd babble and scribble us out of our Estates!

Flo. Quite babb'd me dead, I faint! give me a Cordial! if ever you let him in agen — I'll — Pooh — I can hardly speak — give me that Cordial quickly. [Drinks.

Art. A Plague on you.

Flo. Oh! he has startled me with his frightful Curse! made me spill my Cordial, flabber my self, and almost choak my self; bless me! what work's here with this Fellow?

Art. Have I almost choak'd thee with a Cordial? then thou art no right Saint, for I have seen one of those they call the true *Protestants*, swallow another Mans whole estate for a Cordial, and never choak himself: Choak thee, damn thee.

Flo. Mercy on me! what a cursing and swearing the Wretch keeps; to what purpose is all this, thou silly Fellow? I warrant thou thinkest those fine-Mouth'd Jewels become thee, and art as proud of them as a *Cannibal* of a Ring in his Nose: if to be one of the Devils Knights, called an Atheist, be a fine thing, prithee wear a better Badge of thy Order then an Oath or a Curse, for those are Porterly Badges.

Art. Confound thee, sink thee.

Flo. Take me away, take me away, I am not able to bear this!

[Exit, led out by his Servants.]

Art. Ha! ha! ha! the dissimulation of these Fellows is pleasant; but, a Pox on't, we pay too dear for these Jest, they cost us confusion and almost ruine: these Fellows so love division, every one of 'em has two Parties in himself.

There is in every true Protestant Breast.

A Heraclitus Ridens, his Contest,

A Knave in Earnest, and a Saint in Jest.

The Saint looks up to Heaven, the Knave that while

Your Pocket picks, and at the Cheat does smile:

Catch

*Catch him, he, like a Hedge-Hog, scrapes your fury
Under the Prickles of a sturdy Fury ;
Then, looking out, he does the Hunters brave,
For squinting vilely between Saint and Knave :
He looks Ten ways at once, so they that watch him,
Cannot tell which he'll take, and never Catch him.*

[Exit.

Enter Pietro peeping.

Piet. Sir, he's gone.

Enter Florio.

Flo. Is he? that's well.

[Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's the new Lord *Podesta's* Son,

Mr. Craffy.

Flo. Oh! my Friend's Son! you must let him come in, though he be
a very troublesome Coxcomb.

Enter Craffy.

Craf. Oh Friend *Florio*, are you here?

Flo. Ay Sir, thanks to my Distemper that keeps me prisoner.

Craf. Whoo! but are'nt you wi' my Father yonder?

Flo. No, I profess I am here Sir.

Craf. How are you able to be here?

Flo. I am not able to be any where else, I'm so ill.

Craf. Ill? you are dull Man, for if you were not dull, you wou'd go
to my Father's Election ; if you were giving up the Ghost, 'tis better
then a thousand Bear-baitings, stay! a *Camillo*! a *Camillo*! a *Camillo*!
say our party, what do you keep such a bawling for such a Fellow? says
one of theirs? such a Fellow say our Party, and set up a laughing and
hissing, and a hissing and a laughing ; for all your laughing and hissing
I'll speak my mind, says the Man ; will ye so? says one of our party,
and gives him a thump with his Elbow under the small Guts. Now
will you speak your mind? says our Man ; The Man is speechless.

Flo. A good way of silencing a Man.

Craf. The best we have, so upon that some of their party began to
bear up, but we never gave over till we had quite hiss'd 'em, and hoot-
ed 'em, and Rogued 'em, and *Toried* 'em out of the Hall.

Flo. I am glad of it.

Craf. But

Craf. But who do you think was the Captain of all our Party : to lead 'em on wherever he saw an Enemy : and, I believe, discharged Rogue, Rogue, forty times for any Mans once.

Flo. Who ?

Craf. Your Chaplain Doctor *Sanchy*.

Flo. Oh ! he is a zealous Man, where is he ? for I want to go to my Prayers.

Craf. Pray ? he can't speak he's so hoarse, he's gone to drink a glass of Sack to clear his pipes ; the truth is, I had as live he shou'd pray for me as any body.

Flo. Why so ?

Craf. Because no Saint in Heaven dare deny him any thing, for if he shou'd, he'd call him Rogue and Rascal. Well, but this is not the business I come to thee about, what dost think it is ?

Flo. I cannot guess.

Craf. Guess ! no, I'll give thee a thousand Guesses to guess it, I will give thee ten thousand ; come, I'll give till this time Twelve-Month, and thou shalt think of nothing else.

Flo. Really, I have a little other business to employ my thoughts about.

Craf. Well, I'll put thee out of thy pain, and tell thee the oddest thing that ever thou heardest in thy life. Thou know'st my Father has lately Married the most delicate, luscious ---- luscious ----- luf---- didst ever see such a Woman in thy life ?

Flo. I can't tell, I am past those studies now, the young Lady no doubt is handsome enough, but what o' that ?

Craf. I'm stark mad in love with her.

Flo. In love with your Father's Wife ?

Craf. Ay, so mad for her, that I am quite out o' my Wits ; nay, I ha' not only lost my Wits, but my Stomach.

Flo. The greater loss of the two.

Craf. I can't eat nor drink, I can't sleep neither ; I was once a rare sleeper, constantly after Supper my Eyes us'd to call for their Evenings draught, and I was no sooner in bed, but they wou'd tope off fourteen Hours at one go-down. Now I tumble and toss like a Child that has the Worms, Love and Poetry are continually biting me, I can't pray neither when I fall to my Beads, instead of crying *Ave Maria*, I cry *Ave Mother-in-Law*, I have given over all sorts of pleasures, I read no News, go to no Coffee-house, frequent no Club, and take no snuff.

Flo. Why you are come to a sad pass.

Craf.

Craf. Introth I am, thou wud'st say so if thou knew'st all, and I come to thee, to beg of thee, as ever thou woud'st save the life of an Honest young Fellow of thy own party, and a true *Whig* as I hope to be sav'd, to lend me a little of thy assistance, for thou art a rare Fellow at Wenching, know'st all the tricks of Women, and ha'st great power over my Mother.

Flo. And so I must procure her for you Sir ?

Craf. Ay, prithee do now, prithee dear Rogue do now ; Brother *Whig*, Brother *Whig*, prithee dear Brother *Whig* do now.

Flo. Brother *Whig* ! thou horrid Wretch, Brother to the Devil, art thou in earnest ?

Craf. Why thou horrid Fool, Brother to a Changling, dost think I come to hear my self prate ?

Flo. Then woud'st thou Cuckold thy Father, thou Monster ?

Craf. Woud I not if I cou'd, thou Monster ? woud any thing refuse to lye with such a sweet Creature but a Monster ?

Flo. Woud any thing but the horrid'st Villain upon Earth, endeavor to dishonour his Fathers Bed ?

Craf. Woud any thing bat the horrid'st Ass upon Earth, say a lusty young Fellow shall not honour his Fathers Bed more then an old fumbler that disgraces it !

Flo. Then 'tis a thing of reputation with thee to commit Incest ?

Craf. Incest ? prithee don't trouble me with hard names, I don't think it is any more Incest to lye with the same woman my Father does, then to drink in the same Glass, or sit in the same Pue at Church.

Flo. Is there no difference between your Fathers Wife and his Pue ?

Craf. He makes none, for they onely both lay him to sleep. I would make a difference, I confess, in the sweet use, not that I think his Wife more sacred then his Pue, for the locking of a Man to a Woman in Marriage, or in a Pue in a Church, are onely a couple of Church-tricks to get Money, one for the Priest, and tother for the Sexton ; that's all.

Flo. You are a fine Fellow.

Craf. I woud I were so fine a Fellow as to please my Mother-in-Law, and I woud not change to be thee, if thou wert at thy best ; And I do all I can to be a fine Fellow, it costs me the Lord knows what in one Beauty-Water or another to mend my Face, and a Pox on't, I'm never the handsomer ; prithee ha'st e're a Looking-glass to see how I look ?

Flo. Why, if thou look'st never so well, dost thou think thou could'st charm thy Mother into an Incestuous Strumpet ?

Craf. What a robust word is there ? look thee I understand Trap,
and

and so does she, I kist her behind 'tother day, that is, I came behind and kist her, pretending I took her for the Waiting-Woman, and she let me, pretending she took me for my Father; a rank Sham o' both sides, we had both a mind to kifs, and there's an end; And I swear she let me rumple those sweet Lips of hers as patiently as a Mercer will let a good Customer do his Silks in hopes to put 'em off.

Flo. Ha! I'm glad you tell me this Sir, since she is so weak a piece, I'll fortifie her.

Craf. With Godly Counsels! putting forces into her Head will never fortifie her Tayl, what signifies fortifying the Capital City, when the remote Provinces rebell?

Flo. I shall bring down the Prince of the Country, your Father Sir, upon you, who if he cannot quell the rebellion, shall deal with you.

Craf. Why thou wu't not betray me, wu't thou? I never knew a religious Fool that was not a Rogue in my life; I tell thee what, if thou dost tell my Father I would lye with his Wife, Egad I'll swear to him thou dost lye with her, and I'll bring a hundred Witnesses to confirm it, besides Corroboraters.

Flo. How!

Craf. Yes that I will, I'll teach you to play the Knave, you stinking damn'd Fellow you, I'm going now by my Fathers order to search the Cathedral for Arms to affront the Clergy, and make 'em suspected for Plotters; now, instead of Arms, I'll search for Swearers, and if they catch you by the back, they'll shake you worse then an Ague, and be harder to cure then the Pox Sir.

Flo. There is a way to be cur'd Sir.

Craf. Ay, Twelve Protestant Consciences cleanly pickt, not one o' 'tother side amongst 'em, are as certain a Cure of an Evidence, as Jesuites Powder of an Ague, *Probatum est.*

Flo. Come back, thou art such a Villain, I know not what to do with thee. [Is going off.]

Craf. And thou art such a Knave, I know not what to do with thee, Pox on me for trusting thee.

Flo. If I should conceal thy wickedness, thou wouldst proceed in it.

Craf. I will proceed, whether thou concealest it or no.

Flo. And ruine thy Soul.

Craf. I don't know whether I have a Soul or no.

Flo. If I tell thy Father -----

Craf. Then I'll forswear it.

Flo. And hide your Roguery with perjury?

Craf. Ay.

Craf. Ay, and be a true Protestant for all that:

Flo. And break your Fathers Heart?

Craf. I'll come the sooner to his Estate, and the easier to his Wife.

Flo. Oh fine Fellow ! Well Sir, out of love to your good Father, whose Heart this news wou'd break; and out of love to the City, whose safety depends much upon your wise Fathers Conduct, I will conceal this; but I'll watch you.

Craf. Watch and be Hang'd---- I wou'd watch thee for my Mother, but that she knows thou art such a foul rusty Gun, if she shou'd discharge thee, thou wou'd'st flye in pieces, and hazard her life too.

Flo. Away you Monster.

Craf. Away you Godly false Puppy.

[Exit.

Flo. I am glad the Fool gave me this notice. I do not know

*But my fair Love, like an o're-fertile Field,
May breed rank Weeds, if she be idly Till'd;
Least Love for Fools shou'd in her Bosome live,
She shall have all the Tillage I can give.*

[Exit.

Scene the Street.

Enter the Governour of the City, Artall, and Guard.

Gov. This foolish head-strong City will chuse that factious troublesome Coxcomb *Paulo Camillo* for their *Podesta*.

A Shout, A Paulo, a Paulo.

Enter Podesta, Citizens, Brick-layer.

Br. A brave *Paulo*, we ha' carryed thee Boy !

Go. Is this Gentleman Elected?

Br. Yes that he is, for all the tricks that were us'd to hinder it.

Go. I thought his Excellency the Vice-Roy had given you intimation another person wou'd be more pleasing to him, and in this juncture more fitting for the Office.

Pod. Another Man more fit to be *Podesta* then me ? then I shall think another Man more fit to be Vice-Roy then he, and so I'll make bold humbly to acquaint His Majesty. [Aside.

Br. Are we to follow the Vice-Roy's pleasure, or our own consciences?

Art. Here's a sawcy Rogue.

Go. What are you Sir, that undertake thus impudently for all the rest?

Br. 'Tis well known what I am, I am a Freeman of *Naples*, a Brick-layer by Trade.

Go. Oh I have heard of a busie pragmatikall Fellow that calls himself the Catholick Brick-layer, are you he Sir?

Br. I am not bound by Law to give an account what I am ; if any one has any thing to say to me, let him deal with me according to Law.

Go. But Sir, you might be so civil as to make me an Answer.

Br. I'll do nothing for no Man, but according to Law.

Pod. My Lord, the Man as to his occupation is but a mean Man, but as to his abilities, he makes a very considerable Figure.

Art. He is a pretty Figure indeed.

Br. We have a Charter for the free Election of our Magistrate, and what we have done, our Charter will justify.

Go. Have you a Charter to be sawcy Sir?

Br. What I speak is according to Law, and I may speak Law in defence of our proceedings.

Pod. Come, pray be silent, 'tis according to Law also for me to speak, His Excellence the Vice-Roy has been pleased to oppose my Election, stimulated thereunto by evil Men, Enemies to the City and Nation, they wou'd betray and sell us to the *French*, and they'r angry so active a Man as I am put over the City to prevent their wicked Machinations; for that reason I will be ten times more active.

Art. A Pox of an active Rogue.

[*aside.*

Go. Who are these evil Men you speak of, Indict 'em and prove 'em Guilty, and I'll engage the Vice-Roy will severely punish 'em.

Pod. I don't know who they are, all's one for that, I'm sure there are such Traytors, though I don't know who they are, and *French-Men*, though I don't know where they are, and Plots, though I don't know what they are, and I'll make work.

Go. May not you be deceived?

Pod. No, I'm never deceived; for the preservation therefore of the Town, I will have four Regiments of the Train bands be upon the Guard, during my whole Year; and I, or my Officers, will every four and twenty Hours search every House in the City.

Go. At this rate you will not let people be quiet in their Houses.

Pod. No, nor out of their Houses neither, I will have no Ranting, Revelling, Gameing, Drinking, no nor Eating immoderately; I will have all persons eat and drink according to Law, and I will have all Mens Tables examined to see if there be no Letters convey'd into their Dishes from the *French*, and if I find but the least cause of suspicion, I'll take their dinners into custody; I will have all persons be in bed at the ringing of the Nine-a-Clock Bell; and I, or my Officers, will see 'em i' bed, and see who they have a bed with 'em too.

Art.

Art. Here's a fine business, pox o' thee and thy Officers, shall we neither eat, drink, nor lye a bed in quiet, for thee and thy Officers?

Pod. Pox o' me and my Officers? Pox o' your Wenches Sir, I'll make you know I am a Magistrate; Seize him.

Go. And have I no Authority, that you offer to Seize him in my presence?

Br. Yes, we know your Authority, know you are Military Governour of the City, Captain of the Vice-Roy's Guards, a Lord, nay more then all this, a Justice of Peace, and twenty things more; what do we care for all that, we are in the City Liberties, and what we do is according to Law.

Go. Hold your prateing Sirrah.

Pod. He says truth.

Go. It may be according to Law, but 'tis unmannerly.

Br. All's one, 'tis according to Law.

Go. But Sir, this Gentleman is an Officer under me, and you have not power over him, therefore I advise you not to meddle with him.

Br. Have a care what you do, do nothing but according to Law.

Pod. Have you a care of advising me, I know what I do, I'll do nothing but according to Law.

Go. Nor I neither, for I have Authority by Law to protect my Officer by force, if you use force; but because I'll make no disturbance, let him alone, and I'll pass my word for him.

Br. If the Law will let him alone, do, otherwise not.

Go. Will you not take my Word?

Br. Advise with Counsel.

Pod. Advise me agen! I know what I do, I will advise with Counsel!

Go. Advise with Counsel whether my Word's to be taken, or no; Guards, force *Artall* out of their Hands, and take that Rascally Brick-layer into Custody, [*Brick layer is seiz'd.* and let me see who dares resist. Now Sirrah, though I cou'd punish you by Law for your insolence, since you are a Freeman, I will not disturb the City-Festival with the punishment o' the least o' their Members, though they deserve it not; therefore Sirrah, if any of your great Friends here will be bound for your good behaviour, I'll release you.

Pod. 'Tis beneath my Dignity, though I respect the Man.

Go. Who else will be bound for him? No-body? You see, Sirrah, for what special Friends you leave your Trade and venture your Neck.

Br. Hang'em, I knew the Rogues were of untemper'd Mortar : A word with you Sir in private----- Procure me a Pention, I'll come over to your Party.

Go. A Pention ! a Whip you Rascal ; go Sirrah, I give you liberty, follow your Trade, and mind all of you your own matters, leave State affairs to your Governours, we have more to lose than any of you.

Pod. I don't know that I have a hundred thousand pound to lose, and that's enough for one Man ; but however my Lord, if you please to introduce me to His Excellence the Vice-Roy----

Go. What to be ---- ? I understand you my Lord.

Pod. How the Devil came he to understand my mind so well ?

Go. Truly my Lord, I must tell you plainly, I don't care to do so ungrateful an Office to His Excellency, for I know his mind very well, I know, till you have a better introducer then my self, I mean your good management of affairs, you will not be very welcome to him, nor receive any honour from him. And so Farewel my Lord.

Exeunt Governour, Artall, and Guards.

Pod. Say ye so, shall I not be welcome to him ? then he shan't be

Welcome to me ; And since he'll do me no Honour, I'll do his Government no Honour. My Wife, for want of this Knighthood, will lead me an ill life ; and I for want of it will lead him an ill life, since he is so huffy and stormy, I'll be a Storm.

Cit. Do my Lord.

Pod. A Whirlwind, that shall rumble and roar over his head, tear open Doors by day and by night, toss his Friends out of their Coaches and Beds into Goals ; nor shall all the Preachings, and Pulpit-Charms of their Priests

Dispossess me, or fright me in the least,

A Whig's a Devil that can cast out a Priest.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the First Act.

A C T, the Second.

Enter Podesta, Citizens ; Scene the Podesta's House.

Pod. **N**Ot Knight me ? when he knew I was a proud Man, a very proud Man, oppos'd him out o' pride, and a Knighthood might ha' bought me. He shall repent it.

Enter

Enter Rosaura attended.

Ros. Welcome home my Lord, I wish you joy of your new Honour.

Pod. Thank you Sweet-heart, I am glad I'm in a capacity to do my Country service, but I'm sorry I can't do you the service you affect.

Ros. What's that my Lord?

Pod. Give you lasting Honour, The Title I shall bestow on you will live no longer then a Grasshopper or a Silk-Worm, 'twill dye at the end of the Year, your present Title of Ladyship will then dye into an *Aldermans Wife*, for I am not Knighted.

Ros. Not Knighted?

Pod. Not Knighted.

Ros. How dare they use you thus?

Pod. They are desperate.

Ros. I'm troubled.

Pod. I know it.

Ros. I was born well, and I affect Honour.

Pod. I know it, I know your spirit better then you do your self, and am pleas'd with your affection to Honour, for Honour is an excellent guard to Vertue, I know you are punctually just to me.

Ros. Am I? I think I am.

Pod. Out of a point of Honour I know it, scorning to appear what you are not; not out of dulness and want of gayety you affect pleasures and follow 'em.

Ros. I do.

Pod. Out of a point of Honour, to appear what you are, I know you, know your temper perfectly.

Ros. So perfectly you amaze me.

Pod. Oh! I have a penetrating judgment, know your passion for Honour, highly commend it, and would gratifie it if I could, but since I cannot, I will give you a kind of Honour, Revenge. The methods you must leave to me.

Ros. Give me Greatness, and do you keep Policy.

Pod. Well carv'd.

Ros. So, I have nurs'd the Wenn of his Vanity, till it has blinded his Eyes, and made him mistake his affectation for mine; what I really affect, he is never like to see, and that's only my dear *Florio*. *[aside.]*

Enter the Brick-layer.

Br. Your Servant Sir, I am much beholding to you, and the rest of my

my Breth'ren of the City for the kindness you shew'd me to day in refusing to be bound for me.

Pod. I'll answer you Sir, we resolv'd to go prudently to work, we did not know but they might have laid Treason to your charge, so we resolv'd to see whether they durst have Try'd you, and if they had Try'd you, whether they durst have brought you in Guilty, and if they had brought you in Guilty, whether they durst have Hang'd you, and if they had Hang'd you ---- then let 'em look to themselves.

Br. And who shou'd ha' lookt to me then? a very fine business, come, come, this was scurvy, but I'll stick to the cause whilst I have a drop of blood.

Enter Craffy.

Craf. Ha! there's my delicate Mother-in-Law, that ever such a curious Appendix should be bound up with such a Volume of nonsense cover'd with Calves-Leather, as that old Fellow is, I will tear her from him, I'll be hang'd if she loves him; and as for Marriage-promises, they are but Church-Mouth-Glue, they won't hold a couple together Three Days.

Pod. Oh are you come Sir? well, what ha' you done Sir?

Craf. A delicate Woman!

[Aside] Sir.

Pod. Sir? are you asleep Sir?

Craf. No, nor a Bed Sir, wou'd I were wi' your Wife Sir. *[Aside.]*

Pod. What are you staring on Sir? why don't you give me an Account of what I sent you about? did not I send you to search the Cathedral for Arms Sir?

Craf. Yes Sir.

Pod. And what ha' you done Sir?

Craf. Sir, I have been searching ——— searching ——— searching ----- Sir ---- that Mother-in-Law -----

Pod. Searching your Mother-in-Law Sir?

Craf. The Cathedral, the Cathedral I mean Sir.

Pod. Sirrah, you said Mother-in-Law.

Craf. Why is not a Cathedral a Mother-Church Sir?

Pod. Sirrah, you said Mother-in-Law.

Craf. Why is not a Cathedral according to Law Sir? I spoke jeeringly, and you know we use to jeer the Church Sir.

Pod. That's true.

Craf. Lord Sir, must I teach you the language of your own Family?

Pod. Well,

Pod. Well, did the Priests let you come in patiently ?

Craf. Ay, ay, --- fiddle ---- fiddle ---- a delicate Woman ! [aside.]

Pod. That's very strange, then they are not afraid o' me ?

Craf. I hope shortly to leave never a Priest in *Christendome*, they call themselves the Pillars o' truth, they are rather the Whipping-Posts o' truth, and Sign-posts of Faction.

Pod. I'll handle greater people than they.

Craf. I must have this Woman, if Courtship wont do, Love-powder shall. [aside.]

Pod. Come Sir, I'll try your understanding.

Craf. I am resolv'd upon Love-powder. [aside.]

Pod. I can put the City in Arms, upon pretence of a *French* Invasion, but when they see no invasion, and the fright is over, how shall I keep up that Army ?

Craf. The best way will be by Love-powder.

Pod. How ! keep up an Army by Love-powder ? you impudent, ill-manner'd unnatural Rascal you, do you jeer your Father ?

Craf. Sir, I don't jeer you.

Pod. Sirrah, you either jeer me, or which is almost as sawcy, did not attend to what I said.

Craf. Well, I confess my Wits were a Wool-gathering, and I beg your pardon Sir.

Pod. A Wool-gathering ? a Whore-gathering by your story of Love-powder, you sawcy debauch'd Fop you, when your Father condescends to talk wisely to you of State-affairs, must your brains be rambling after Wenches ?

Craf. Wenches are fitter for me than State-affairs Sir ; what a Duce should such a young Fellow as I trouble himself with State-affairs for ?

Pod. Who us'd to trouble themselves and others too about State-affairs more than you Sir ? were you not such a tempestuous disputer in Coffee-houses, that as soon as ever you appear'd in one, both sides would run away, our Friends out of envy, and our Enemies out of fear.

Br. 'Tis my case, no Man will sit by me in a Coffee-house.

Pod. Were not your Writings like so many Fire-drakes ? no Printer would meddle with 'em, no person come near 'em.

Br. His things are very near my Stile, and I am forc'd to Print all my things at my own charge.

Pod. And now Sirrah, all o' the sudden, you are unfit for State-affairs ; come, come Sirrah, you are a Villain, have turn'd Cat in Pan, and are a *Tory*.

Craf. A

Craf. A *Tory*? that's a good one, when I'm now Writing an Answer to *Abfolom* and *Achitophel*.

Pod. How!

Rof. 'Tis true indeed, he read part of it to my Maid last night.

Wom. He did indeed Madam, and 'tis very fine.

Br. May be that puzzles his Head then.

Pod. Nay, if it be so, I shall not be angry with him, for o' my Word, a good Answer to that wou'd do us service.

Br. And 'twill require pains.

Pod. It will do so, if he employs his time and thoughts so well as that, I shall be very well satisfied; what do you call this Poem?

Craf. *Azariah* and *Hushai*.

Pod. A very good subject.

Br. Well chosen.

Craf. Is not this a strange thing now, that you who are no Poet, nor understand Poetry no more then a Cat, should lye insulting o're a Man o' sence, when he is breaking his brains for the service and honour of you and your party?

Pod. Well, well *Craffy*, I did not know it, I did not know it.

Craf. Not know it? then you shou'd not meddle with that you do not understand, I must break my sleep, and spoil my stomach in studying to do you service, and be call'd a Villain and a *Tory*?

Pod. Well, well Child, I am sorry, I am sorry.

Craf. Sorry? what does your sorriness signifie? suppose your vexing me shou'd make me Write but a sorry Poem, as twenty to one but it will, and so I'll go burn what I ha' done, and there's an end.

Pod. Nay prithee Child.

Craf. I will.

Pod. Prithee dear Child.

Craf. I say I will.

Pod. No, prithee Child, let me see what thou hast done, and finish the remainder.

Craf. I won't.

Pod. Prithee do now, 'twill joy my heart.

Craf. I say I won't.

Pod. This it is to breed our Sons Wiser then our selves, we are despised for our pains.

Br. Look, if he has not made his good Father weep; are not you a cross-grain'd ill-natur'd Fellow to make your old Father weep? what if he be not so good a Poet and Schollar as you, he has as good natural parts, and better.

Pod. He

Pod. He is ungrateful to me, for what learning he has, my purse paid for; but I alwaies find over-much wit and learning make people insolent, and when all's done, a Fool's a better comfort to his Parents, then one of these great Wits.

Br. Go fetch the Poem, and be Whipt to you.

Ros. Do Mr. *Craffy*, 'twill oblige your Father and me both.

Craff. Will it oblige your La^{ship} Madam? to do that I'll run a Thousand Miles upon my bear Head, Madam. [Exit *Craffy*.]

Pod. I'm glad he pays so much respect to you, Sweetheart, though he will pay none to me.

Ros. Yes, yes, he will, but great Wits are humourfome.

Pod. Nay, the Boy has excellent parts, that's certain, but when all's done, 'tis but a folly to breed Boys up to this heighth, for it does but spoil them, and all business, for they will be a top o' bus'ness, riding upon old Mens backs, and so the old Men go lamely, and the Boys ride madly, and the bus'ness goes awkwardly.

Ros. Now shall I be wedg'd in, between the old Fool and the young, by the heavy Beetle of this Poem, and have no opportunity with my charming *Florio*, when he comes I'll lay away the Beetle; [aside.

Maria,

Wom. Madam.

Ros. Did not you say *Craffy* fell asleep last night in reading his own Verses, and when he wak'd, forgot 'em in your Chamber?

Wom. Yes Madam.

Ros. Run quickly and bring 'em to me.

[Exit *Woman*.]

Enter Florio wrapt in his Cloak.

Pod. Oh! how do you good Mr. *Florio*?

Flo. Thank you good my Lord, the better to see things go so well, that you are chosen.

Pod. Oh! we carried clearly.

Flo. Ay, so my Chaplain Dr. *Sancky* said, who I think labour'd for my Lord.

Br. Ay indeed, he took great pains, there was scarce a Man appear'd 'gainst my Lord, that he did not call Rogue and Rascal a hundred times.

Flo. He is a zealous Man, and so seldome calls any Man by his Christen name, that he is suspected to be an *Anabaptist*, and against Christening — Oh! dear Madam, is your Ladyship here? when I came into the Room, I saw a Lady, and turn'd my head aside, as my usual man-

ners is when I see Women, for they ha' been no good Friends o' mine, and so I did not mind your Ladyship, I beg your pardon.

Ref. Oh! it needs not Sir, I am very glad to see you look so well.

Pod. Ay truly, Mr. Florio looks very fine and fresh, ruddy and plump, methinks I have hopes of him; what says your Doctors Sir?

Flo. Alas! my Lord, they have given me over long since, all my trust is in an incomparable Nurse.

Pod. Pray who is she?

Flo. As you came along my Lord, you might ha' seen her ty'd by a Rope to my door.

Pod. Ty'd with a Rope? what is she a mad Woman?

Flo. No, no, my Lord, a Cow, my Lord, a Cow.

Pod. A Cow?

Flo. Ay my Lord, ha' not I mannag'd my self well, to bring my self from one of those they call one of the Wits of the Kingdom, to be one of the Calves, and live upon the breasts of a poor Beast, for thence I have all my subsistence.

Pod. Alack! yet your Face says you are as well as ever you were in your life, I protest it does.

Flo. My Face is as false as ever my heart was, it might have more innocence, for it is scarce two Months old, I mean the Flesh of it.

Pod. Is it possible, I warrant if you were to begin the World agen, you would have none of the mad frolicks you had?

Flo. I think I should not, I laught once at mad Fellows that in drunken frolickseat Fire, but was not I more mad to belch Fire at Heaven it self, as I have often done in my abominable talk? but what did I get by it? he threw it all back agen in my Face, and almost consum'd me. Man is a shallow Animal, can bear no excess, too much Wit makes him as mad as too much Wine, and a little over sets him; yet he thinks his silly Scull contains all things, rules all things, and Omnipotence it self is afraid of that pittiful Engine.

Pod. Very well.

Flo. When all that the most hot-brain'd Fellow in the world can do, is to make a smoak to darken things, he can't strike Fire enough out of himself to light him into the nature of a Fly. But 'tis time we went to Prayers. Doctor Sanchy.

Enter Doctor Sanchy.

Dr. I'm a comming.

Flo. Good Doctor give us a few Prayers.

Dr. Ay if you will.

Flo. My

Flo. My Lord being a Magistrate, I think Doctor you must read the Prayers of the Church.

Dr. I'll see 'em burnt first, and all Priests hang'd, before I read any of their Prayers.

Flo. The Law commands it.

Dr. Therefore I won't do it, I'll be commanded by nothing, and do nothing I'm commanded.

Br. For matter o' Law, we can easily come off, no body dare indict us.

Flo. But for matter o' Conscience.

Dr. Hang Conscience, I do it out o' matter of Honour, and matter of Revenge, the Priests are Rascals and slight me, and I'll slight their Prayers.

Flo. We shou'd not be humour some in our Prayers. Doctor.

Dr. I'll do what I please, or I'll do nothing.

Pod. Pray let him, for we are all oblig'd to the Doctor for the assistance he gave my Election.

Dr. He had need of it, there was a damn'd Company o' Rogues appeared against you, I hope to see 'em all hang'd.

Br. There was one great Man.

Dr. A great Rogue, he deserves to be burnt.

Pod. There was a great Lady very busie.

Dr. A great Whore, she deserves to be whipt, I hope to see all such Rogues and Whores whipt out of the Kingdom; but come let us go to Prayers.

Enter Craffy.

Craffy. O the Devil, the Devil!

Pod. What's the matter?

Craffy. I ha' lost my *Hushai*, I can't find it high nor low. Who saw my *Hushai*?

Dr. What the Poem that you read to me, that was an answer to *Ab-salom*?

Craf. Ay.

Dr. I had rather ha' lost ten pounds out o' my own Pocket.

Pod. Then do you like it Doctor?

Dr. 'Twas an admirable thing! 'twould ha' made the Rogue that writ *Ab-salom* hang himself; look about for this *Hushai*.

Flo. Won't you go to Prayers first Doctor?

Dr. Hang Prayers! this is a thing of forty times the consequence, we may pray at any time, or if we never pray at all, 'tis no great matter, it is but a thing of form to please the people; look for this *Hushai*. I'll look for't my self.

[Exit Dr.]

D 2

Craf.

Craf. Who the Devil has got my *Hushai*?

Enter a Vintners Boy.

Boy. Is Mr. *Craffy* here?

Craf. Well Sir, what wou'd you have?

Boy. I come from the Club, they stay for you Sir.

Craf. The Club be damn'd, I can't come, I ha' lost my *Hushai*.

Pod. What Club is it?

Craf. The Club o' young pollitick *Whigs*, you know 'em.

Pod. Oh *Craffy*, you must go to 'em, they are all persons of Quality.

Craf. What care I for their quality, they are but a company o' young Coxcombs, I won't loose my *Hushai* for 'em.

Pod. Sirrah, you are a sawcy fellow to call young Men o' their parts and quality, Coxcombs, they are admitted into better Company than yours Sir.

Craf. Ay, to help to pay reckonings, flatter an old Knaves vanity, and give a Guinny to the burning of a Pope.

Pod. Sir, some of 'em have had the honour to sit in great Caballs.

Craf. I wonder they cou'd.

Pod. Why so Sir?

Craf. Because some of 'em were so lately whipt at School for Block-heads. I wonder they could sit any where, they have the marks of Fools both before and behind, and if ever they speak, the mark's in their Mouths.

Br. I don't like this Fellow.

Pod. Sirrah, I now begin to suspect you agen for a *Tory*, and get you to 'em, or I'll not onely Cudgel you, but disinherit you.

Craf. Take notice if I go to 'em, I shall be very drunk.

Pod. I care not if you be in such company as they are.

Craf. Your Wife's Honesty may pay for't, for I shall be very impudent when I am drunk;
look all for my *Hushai*.

[*aside.*]

[*Exit Craffy.*]

Br. What else!

Ros. So, we are rid of one Fool, cou'd we have
as good luck with the rest!

[*aside.*]

Enter Doctor Sanchy.

Dr. What is become of this *Hushai*, some conceal'd Rogue has burnt it out of Envy.

Enter a Coffee-Boy.

Coffee-Boy. Doctor you must come to the Coffee-house.

Dr. Must come?

Coffee-boy. Ay, to a person of quality.

Dr. That

Dr. That person of quality is a Coxcomb, and you are a sawcy Rascal ; must come ?

Coffee-boy. 'Tis the lame Lord.

Dr. He is a Rascal.

Coffee-boy. Your Friend.

Dr. Oh ! then I'll come, but look all about for this *Husband*.

Pod. Do so, and let me have an account of it when I come home.

[*Exeunt Dr. and Boy.*]

Ros. Are you a going abroad my Lord ?

Pod. Yes Sweetheart, and shall not come home these three hours, *Mr. Florio*, you'll excuse me, I leave you.

Flo. Oh ! good my Lord !

[*Exeunt Podesta, Brick-layer, and Citizens.*]

Ha ! rid of all my diseases at once !

I mean my Fools, and left alone with my health ! my *Rosaura* !

Ros. My life ! my *Florio* !

[*They embrace, and Enter Podesta and Bricklayer.*]

Flo. My *Rosaura* !

Ros. My Husband ! faint, faint in my arms, help, help, help.

Pod. What's the matter ?

Ros. *Mr. Florio* is fal'n into an Appopleptick Fit, and dyes in my arms.

Pod. Alas poor Gentleman ! who's there ?

[*Enter Pietro.*]

help in with your Master, and call a Doctor, I'm cruelly afraid he'll go away in one of these Fits.

[*Exit Pietro, Rosaura, and Florio.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, here's an old Counsellour, *Bartoline*, lighted at your door, and is coming up to speak with your Lordship.

Pod. This old Lawyer is a strange Fellow, he is very old, and very rich, and yet follows the Term, as if he were to begin the World.

Br. He has lost all his Teeth that he can hardly speak, and he will be pleading for his Fee ; but he's of our side, and so we must not speak against him.

Lawyer. [*Enter Bartoline, Lucinda, and (at a distance) Artall.*]

Art. What pretty Country Creature's this ! I cannot but venture in after her ; the *Podesta's* House is publique, and so I shall not be taken notice of.

Bar. Where's my Lord *Podesta* ? hah ! where ish he ?

Pod. Here, here, old Friend, do not you see me ?

Bar. No, said my eysh are none of the besht.

Pod. You follow the Term still ?

Bar. Ay, and will ash long ash I live, yer'sh no caush wi' out me.

Br. How.

Br. How can you follow all Causes?

Bar. Ye'y follow me, ye'y will ha' me.

Pod. What young Gentlewoman ha' you brought with you here?

Bar. One I may be asham'd on — shesh my folly, yat ish cho shay my Wife ——— I ha' playd ye fool, and Married a young Garle.

Art. Thy Wife? if thou beest her Husband, thou shalt be my Cuckold. *[aside.*

Pod. Welcome to Town Madam.

Br. Welcome Mistris.

Bar. Ish she not pritchy? you shее I have a shweet chooth in my head shill.

Pod. Sweet Tooth? you ha' never a Tooth in your head.

Bar. Yatsh chrue, but I'll bite for all yat wi' my Wit.

Pod. Why would you Marry such a young thing as this?

Br. A Man of fourscore be so fond? fie, fie.

Bar. A Man of foashco---- yerish no shuch thing, ye are Boyish of foashco---- if you will, after 'hreesheco we ought cho go in long coash, for breecheshe are imposh churesh and prechenda cho what yey ha' not, I believe my Lord *Poshta* you are behind-hand wi' your Wife, ash well ash I, I believe sho---- hah!

Pod. Though I be, I shall suffer no disgrace.

Bar. How do you know yat?

Pod. Because I married a vertuous Woman.

Bar. A vartuouse Woman? why sho did I for ought I know, she may be bo'h mishchaken.

Pod. No, I am never mistaken.

Bar. Oh you'r a happy Man, I ha' no shuch confidenth in a Woman I declare it before my Girlesh faish, I'll wash her wacherish.

Pod. Do if you please.

Bar. And for yat reashon I have brought her hither, deshire you tho' let her be in your housh; yoursh is a shivil Family, and here she'l have a great yeale of good company, yat will chake off her fanshy from going abroad and playing ye foole.

Art. So, now I shall know where to find her.

[aside.

Pod. What wou'd you ha' me keep a Boarding-house?

Bar. What do you shstand upon shereemonyesh with an old Friend for? you and I have known one anoyer fortchy years, and when y'are in bed with your Wife, yerish shomehing about you dosh confess you cho be old. Come, if you'l let me be here, I'll give your Wife a Jewel, and you a peish o' Plate, and I'll pay a good rate beshidesh; what chay you cho y'ish now, Huh?

Pod.

Pod. With all my heart.

Bar. Will my Lady consent? for I believe de Maresh de letcher hoish.

Pod. My Will is hers.

Bar. I wou'd know 'yat of her.

Pod. She is busied now in a work of Charity, about a poor Gentleman, that's fal'n in an Appoplectick Fit, I don't know whether he'l recover it, if he does, he can't live long, he's in a deep Consumption, I shou'd be sorry to loose him, though in point o' Money, I should be a gainer by his death, for he will leave us a very good Legacy.

Bar. A Legashy? huh!

Pod. Yes, for he's a rich Batchelor.

Bar. What a Kinsman?

Pod. No kin at all, but he has a great Friendship for us because we are a strict sober Family, and he is a mighty Religious Gentleman.

Art. Oh! I know this Religious Rogue, 'tis *Florio*. [aside.]

Bar. Will he leave you money, becaush you are shober? huh!

Pod. You must know he was a great follower of naughty Women, and now he feels the sad consequence, and has a great value for Vertue, and I believe will leave my Wife a great part of his estate, because she is a vertuous Woman.

Bar. Do you hear Girl? you are fal'n incho a brave housh, where you may get money by Vartshow and Shobrietchy; Come, my Lord, what will you have, I'll pay you any rate, Come.

Pod. You and I will not fall out.

Art. Ha! is he a providing a *Florio* for his Wife? I'll provide him a *Florio*. By good luck I have an *Indian-Gown* and Cap at the door, just new out of the Shop.

[Exit Artall.]

Bar. What ish yish Gentleman's name?

Pod. *Florio*.

Bar. Oh! y're ish shuch a Man; I never shaw him, but I have heard of him, a great debosh, wash he not? and a good witsy Fellow.

Pod. Oh! a very witty man, and a wicked man too once, but now the most penitent creature in the world, and he had need be so, he is going out of it, he cannot live many Months.

Bar. Alash poor man, and when he dyesh he'l leave all hish money to Vartuous people will he? huh.

Pod. Yes, he says 'tis sowing Seed in good ground; well, I ha' some occasions call me away, you may be here if you will, old acquaintance.

Br. Ay, let him, let him, and come away about your business.

[Exeunt Podesta and Bricklayer.]

Bar. Hark

Bar. Hark you, hark you ! Sho, yish wash very lucky, Girl you mush make it your buyshnesh cho get incho yish Genklemansh favour by your Shobriechy, and you may mump my Lady *Pofbra* of hish Eschate for oughtch I know.

Enter Artall in a Night-Gown and Cap, a Patch on his Nose, led by Two Servants.

Art. I grow weaker and weaker every day, my time draws on, Heaven prepare me for my Change, yet I'll use the means to live. Give me my Milk.

Bar. I my Consciensh, yish ish de Genkleman !

Art. Give me my Milk I say you Rascals : what have I said ? indeed I shou'd not call any thing out of it's name, I ask your pardon for it.

I Ser. Ah Sir ! ask your poor Servants pardon ?

Art. Ay and thank you too, if you will give it me. I was so accus-tom'd in the days of my wickedness to Libell every thing, I cannot leave the ill habit still.

Bar. Ay, yish ish he, yish ish he sharchainly.

Art. Truth is, Atheism is nothing else but a Libell on the whole Creation, calling it the Off-spring of paltry Chance, when 'tis the Child of Heaven, that I ought to ask pardon of every Dog for detracting from his discent ; But give me my Milk, and set me a Chair to repose my self, for I am very weak.

Bar. Alack ! alack ! yish ish de poor Genkleman ; But what a 'hing it ish y'at yish young Fellow shou'd bring himshelush incho shuch a shad condition : let me she how he looksh !

Puts on his Spectacles, and looks on Artall, whilst Artall holds the Pot to his Nose.

Luc. Certainly this handsome sick Gentleman is the fine unhappy Mr. *Florio*, I have heard so much talk of, a thousand pitties such a delicate Gentleman shou'd bring himself to this !

Bar. He looksh very white--- odsha' me--- 'twash the white potch--- ay 'twash the potch, and he looks very rudgy, but men in y'at giet will do sho, ay yey will do sho.

Art. Oh *Florio*, *Florio* !

Bar. Oh ! now I am shachishfyed, 'rish he.

Art. How hast thou brought on this Youth all the Infirmities of Age ? my eyes are dim, my breath is short, my Limbs are weak, Limbs did I say ? I have none, at least of Heaven's making : I have Imbezell'd all the

the Furniture of my Soul and body in vice, though Heaven gave me an excellent House-keeper to look to it all, a careful wakeful Creature, call'd a Conscience, which never slept, never let me sleep in ill, but I abus'd her, sought to turn her out of doors, nay, Murder her, but cou'd not.

Bar. I prochesht yish ish very shad.

Luc. Exceeding pittiful.

Art. Asham'd of her I was, and to all my Atheistical Companions deny'd her, at the same time she star'd me in the face; 'Tis the Athiest's trick to hide his Conscience as the Tradesman does his Wench, for fear of spoyling his Credit, and loosing his Traffique with those ill people, who will not come near him if he owns so scandalous a thing as a Conscience.

Luc. I swear he almost makes me weep.

Bar. Why chruly I am chroubled, and I don't ushe cho be sho.

Art. But ala! let him hide her for a time, when diseases and death come and shake the building in pieces, as now they do mine, the poor foul Conscience will appear through all the Rubbish, and call out mercy, mercy, when it may be 'tis too late; thank Heaven for the fair warning I have had; Is my Coffin ready?

2 Ser. Dear Sir, why does your Honour think of a Coffin? 'tis time enough to talk of that forty years hence.

Art. Oh! prithee don't flatter my craz'd body, I cannot live, I hang on the Eves of life, like a trembling drop, ready every minute to fall and be seen no more.

Bar. Alash, alash.

1 Ser. Oh! dear, and please your Honour, here is company, I doubt your Honour intrenches on a Gentleman's Chamber?

Art. Heaven forbid! where is the Gentleman? I beg your pardon Sir a thousand times; my good friend the new Lord *Podesta*, you know Sir, is a sober, discreet, frugal person, hates the vanity and prodigality of splendid House-keeping, and so I suppose, may content himself with a part of this House, and oblige a friend with the remainder; if you be the friend, I beg your pardon Sir, I wou'd ha' gone up higher, but truly I wanted breath.

Bar. Why chruly, you shay chrue Shir, my Lord yo'sh oblige me with part of hish housh, which part, or the whole housh, if it were mine, shou'd be at your shervish, good Mr. *Florio*.

Art. Do you know me Sir?

Bar. No Shir, but I have heard mush of your great partsh, and my

Lord *Podestà* chellsh me what a good man you are , and I have heard it choo wi' my own earsh.

Art. May I crave your name Sir ?

Bar. I am call'd *Barcholine* Shir, I am a Fellow pritchy well known among Lawyersh..

Art. The famous Counsellor *Bartoline* ?

Bar. I have some Repuchation in y'at way Shir.

Art. I am glad to know your Sir, I think I see a young Woman there, very young----is she your Grand-Child Sir?

Bar. Why chruly Shir, I am almosht asham'd cho chell you she is my Wife.

Art. Oh dear ! wou'd you Marry one so young Sir ?

Bar. I wanch'd a comfort for my Age Shir.

Art. And she wants a comfort for her Youth, Heaven that made both Sexes, wou'd have both provided for, can pou provide for hers?

Bar. Whatch I want in Provissionsh I make up in a heartchy Welcome---hah !

Art. But will that suffice her?

Bar. It may in chime, cushtome ish a great matcher, I have obsherved lushty Sou'dies by custome got cho dine and shup very comfortably on a pipe o' Chobacco.

Art. But they steal many a good bit that no body knows of.

Bar. Why chruly she may Shir, but not if she be honest.

Art. Many an honest Parishoner follows private Meetings, because he finds no comfort from the Parson of the Parish, but she seems a virtuous, modest, young Lady, and I wou'd pay my respects to her in a salute, but I fear my breath may offend her, pray excuse me to her Sir.

Bar. Oh ! good Shir, well shir, she and I are cho chaken with the discourshesh we have heard fall from you, y'at we are exshreamly deshiroush to be frequently wi' you Shir.

Art. Alas Sir ! I am unfit for company, my good Lady *Podestà* indeed will sit by me half a day here, as by a murmuring Brook that slides fast away, and soon will be dryed up for ever , and she is content to hear my little purlings.

Bar. Ay yey are very well ingeed Shir, very well, and you wou'd much obliegsh ush, my Wife wantsh shuch good company, shesh a young creature, yat never in Chown before, and yos'h not know the World Shir.

Art. Is it possible ! sweet Madam, you are sail'd into a dangerous Gulph which few young Ladies pass without casting away their Reputations,

tations, or Honestys, or both; I have been an Admiral here, and you see to what I am brought!

Bar. Well Shir, affairsh call me away, I'll make bold cho leave you chogether Shir.

Art. She will be weary of me Sir, for I am weary of my self.

Bar. No ingeed Shir, she chaksh great gelight in your dishcoursh, pray letch her have it Shir, I'll rechurn presently, wheegle him, dee hear? wheegle him, you may get a good Legashy.

[Exit. Bartoline.]

Art. Is he gone?

1 Ser. He's gone Sir.

Art. My Perriwigg and Love Aquipage, quickly.

Luc. How now! what's this?

Art. An Adorer of yours fair creature, no unsound, false, wicked Florio, but a sound, young, vigorous, passionate Lover, if you will not believe my tongue, believe my Nose, the patch covers wholesome flesh, believe my Leggs, which leap, vault, and run, except from you sweet Creature.

Luc. I am betray'd! drawn into a Snare (but 'tis a sweet one *(aside)* help! help! help!

Art. I need no help my Dear.

Luc. But I do, help! help! help!

Oh 'tis a lovely Gentleman! *(aside.)* help! help!

'Tis a delicate Gentleman! *(aside.)* help! help!

Art. Why do you call so loud? I can help you to what you want.

Luc. Help, help! will you force me? (I can't resist him, *(aside.)* help! help!

Art. All this is to no purpose.

Luc. Oh fie upon you, what a Man you are? A handsome Man I mean, *(aside.)* I am out of breath with striving, help! help! Oh my heart pants! help! help! help!

[Artall carries her off.]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT, the Third.

Enter Artall and Lucinda; The Scene continues.

Luc. OH! Fie upon you! fie upon you, was ever vertuous Gentlewoman serv'd such a trick before?

E 2

Art.

Art. Oh! frequently, scores of 'em are serv'd so, every *Easter-Term*.

Luc. What, Women that are as vertuous as my self?

Art. Ay, full as vertuous.

Luc. O Lord bleſs us! what a place is this! I did not think there had been ſuch a place, nor ſuch a Man as you in the world, I ſhall never endure to ſee you more.

Art. Do not ſay ſo.

Luc. No, never as long as I live.

Art. You'll change your mind.

Luc. Never whiſt I breath.

Art. Yes when I come next, mean while I am your humble Servant.

Luc. Your Servant dear Sir.

Art. When ſhall I wait on you again, Madam?

Luc. When you pleaſe Sir, I ſhall at all times be glad of your good Company.

Art. Your Servent dear Madam.

Luc. Your Servant dear Sir.

[Exit. *Artall*.]

Enter Bartoline and his Clerk with Papers.

Bar. Wher'sh my Wife, and poo Mishte *Florio*? hub! where are yey?

Luc. Here's your Wife, but poor Mr. *Florio* is gone away very ill.

Bar. Were you not weary of him? hub!

Luc. No indeed, I cou'd have been with him all day and all night.

Bar. I doubt you diſhemble.

Luc. Indeed I do not.

Bar. I doubch you had rather been at a Play, or ſhome other Di-verchiſhment.

Luc. I ſwear I had more pleaſure from him, then ever I had from any Divertiſement in my life.

Bar. Well, be good whilsht I live, 'twill be the betcher for you when I dye, then I ſhall leave you Rich enough cho.chake your choiſh of young handſhorne Coxshcombes.

Luc. Do not tell me of young handſome Coxcombs.

Bar. You won't Marry I warrant when I am geard? no not you? a 'houſand to one, you will be Married before, nay, I dare hold chenne pound you are Conchtracted now?

Luc. How!

Bar. Nay, not by a Preiſh, but by looksh, and ſhmirksh, &c. twiſch-ing of Eye-beamsh, and making a Wedging-Ring of the fine round mou'h-----

mou'h---- and yush, I believe you have promish'd your shelfe cho a 'houfand foolsh.

Luc. You wrong me extreamly.

Bar. All ye betcher, I'm shure I shall disherve your kindnesse, for I am labring cho make you a rich Widgow; The Tearme won't lasht a month, and I ha' more breviatsh and Papersh putch incho my hand shince I went out, yen I can read in 'hree monh'sh, I'm shure on't.

Luc. And what must become o' your Clyents Causes?

Bar. I yont care, I know what will become o' yeir Money; I'll lock it up preshently, all for you, gi' me my Papersh, come let me shee now---- let me shee---- whatsh her cho do? *[Reads his Papers.]*

Oh! among other 'hingsh heresh a buyshnesh in which my Brothersh Neck'sh conshern'd; He ish 'hirchy years younger yen I am, yet he ish old enough cho be Wiser; He hath play'd de foole and killg a man, and ye Widow bringsh an Appeale, in which it sheemsh yere arishesh matcher of Law--- my Brother shendsh me chenne poun' cho rechaine me, ye Widow shendsh me twenchy, sho I follow ye poore Widyowsh buyshnesh, I am for ye poore Widow, I.

Luc. Will you Hang your Brother for ten pound?

Bar. You shou'd ashke me if I wou'd hang him for chenne shillingsh, yen I might conshiger it, but chenne ponn' ish a great yeale o' money, tish a great yeale of money, come let me shee. *[Reads.]*

Luc. Methinks 'tis a little against the Law of Nature.

Bar. Ye Law of Natchure belongsh cho *Pchivilians* Woman, we comon Lawyeash y'ont studgy ye Law of Nachure, tish none of our shtudgy---- no--- no--- But come let me shee--- whatsh here now? come. *[Exit. Lucinda]*

Bartoline Reads, Drums beat without; Enter Podesta, Brick-layer, and a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord.

Pod. What's your bus'ness Sir?

Gent. I have a Message to you Lordship, from his Highness the Vice-Roy.

Pod. Very well Sir, I attend.

Gent. His Highness desires your Lordship not to disturb and frighten the City, by raising the Town Forces to no purpose

Pod.

Pod. He is of opinion, 'tis to no purpose, is he?

Gent. Yes my Lord.

Pod. I am of a contrary opinion, and I am seldome mistaken.

Gent. His Highness bid me tell you, that for the bare satisfaction of the People, (though danger requires it not) he is willing you should keep up half you do.

Pod. He wou'd have me keep but half:

Gent. No my Lord.

Pod. Then I will keep as many more.

Gent. Is that your Answer?

Br. Yes, and we will justifie it by Law.

Gent. Well bred, good humour'd Gentlemen these, and fine Subjects

Pod. He shall shortly hear from us things that [Exit *Gent.*
will vex him worse then this, Articles that may cost him his Employment. We'l not onely humbly humbly address to His Majesty, but Impeach him; I'll teach him not to Knight me.

Br. Here is Counsellour *Bartoline*, the greatest Lawyer in the Kingdome, and one of our own Party, you can't possibly advise with a better Man about 'em, give him the Hundred pound Fee, the City allows you to retain some eminent Lawyer.

Pod. I will, Counsellour *Bartoline*, I must speak a word wi' you.

Bar. I'm not at leishure, I have Caushesh cho look over, yat are cho come on cho Morrow.

Pod. But we have a Cause in which the whole City's concern'd.

Bar. You must deferr it yen, for if I y'ont appear in yish Cause cho Morrow, twill be losht, it wholly dependsh upon me, and I cannot but in conshiensh atchend it, I have a Fiftshe pound Fee.

Pod. We'l give you a Hundred pound, Mun.

Bar. How? a Hundger'd poun? huh?

Pod. Ay, there 'tis.

Bar. Here, lay ashide yesh Papers, [to his Clerk.
Well, whatsh your buyshnesh now ---- come ---- huh!

Br. We are drawing up Articles against the Man of the Castle.

Bar. Yea Man at ye Cashtle, wosh yat?

Pod. He means the Vice-Roy.

Bar. Archiclsh against the Vicheh-Roy ---- huh?

Pod. Ay.

Bar. Gi me ye Papersh again; I won't meggle in't.

Br. How! not meddle?

Bar. No, I won't meggle, I won't meggle.

Br. Your

Br. Your reason?

Bar. I may loosh my Head mun, I won't meggle, no, no, come let me shee. [Reads his paper's agen.]

Br. No matter if you do loose your Head, if you have no more honesty nor love for your Country, then to refuse to do your Countreys business, when you have received your Countreys Money.

Bar. I yon't care whosh money 'tish, let it be ye Devilsh money I'll keep it, now I have it, but I won't meggle in the buyshnesh ---- no ---- no --- come ----- come. [Reads.]

Br. Keep our Money? and not do our business?

Bar. Tish our way. 'Tish our way.

Pod. Sir, by your Favour, either do our business, or pay back our Fee.

Bar. Pay back your Fee ---- 'twash never known mun, and I won't shet an ill pregent; no, no, tish shufficient I won't be against you, yatsh enough. Come let me shee.

Br. Did one ever know such a Knave? what shall we do? for you and I must account for this Money.

Pod. Let me alone with him, I understand Mankind; Counsellour *Bartoline*, do not play the Fool wi' your self, and loose a Thousand pound, which you may get by this Cause.

Bar. A 'houshand Pound? huh!

Pod. Yes, this is a great Cause, and the City will go through with it, whatever it costs 'em.

Bar. Come, I'll underchake ye buyshnesh --- come.

Pod. Did not I tell you I understand Mankind?

Bar. But I won't appea publicuely ---- dee hear ---- I won't appea.

Br. Give us Councels will do the Man at the Castle's business, and we don't care.

Bar. Let me alone.

Enter a second Gentleman.

2 Gent. Counsellour *Bartoline* a word wi' you.

Bar. Your buyshnesh.

2 Gent. I am sent to you by his Highness the Vice-Roy.

Bar. Hish Highness the Vy'sh-Roy? shpeak shoftly.

2 Gent. His Highness is enform'd you are here, and very great with these Men.

Bar. I great with yesh Men? 'tish falsh, they're Knavsh, I haitch 'em, I haitch 'em.

2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* Nay, he believes you onely assist 'em as a Lawyer for your Fees, you have too much Wisdom and Law to engage in their ill and dangerous designs.

Bar. Hang 'em, hang 'em.

2 *Gent.* And such they have, his Highness is well assur'd.

Bar. No doubch on't, mosht sherchain.

2 *Gent.* And therefore he's resolv'd to punish 'em.

Bar. He musht do't! he musht.

2 *Gent.* To that end he intends to indict 'em of several Crimes.

Bar. I am glad of it.

2 *Gent.* How far they will extend in Law he knows not.

Bar. Very probable.

2 *Gent.* Therefore he sends you by me a hundred pieces.

Bar. He doesh very well --- very well --- hesh a wysh Man.

2 *Gent.* For your Advice.

Bar. I'll give it him, but not publicquely ---- I won't appea, but I'll give him shuch advy'sh ash shall do yeir buyshnesh.

2 *Gent.* I'll tell it him.

Bar. If he hash a fanshy cho hang 'em he shall.

2 *Gent.* I'll tell him.

[Exit *Gent.*

Br. Well, you'l undertake our bus'ness?

Bar. Let me alone --- give me your Articlesh --- come --- now I'll go studgy, come along.

[Exeunt *Bartoline and Clerk.*

Br. So, this is a notable old Fellow, if he undertakes the bus'ness, he'l do't.

Pod. You need not inform me in Mankind.

Enter Florio wrapt in a Cloak, leaning on a Staff, led by Pietro.

Flo. Where's my --- Where's my --- every little thing puts me so out of breath --- Where's my Lord *Podesta*?

Pod. Here Mr. *Florio*.

Flo. I have great (pooh) blows) I am so faint with every little motion, and little talk --- I have great News for you.

Pod. Great News, and I not know it? there is seldome any thing to be known that I don't know.

Flo. I'll tell it you, but I must open a Vein first that I may breath --- fetch a Surgeon --- I play'd the Fool --- uh! as I came --- uh! along, I saw a young Woman with naked (pooh) Breasts --- going I'm certain to --- pooh --- to be naught; to I reprov'd her, but she was very angry, and sed she was an honest Woman; then I sed she was to blame

to let those two Breasts come abroad, like two Domestick Intelligences to slander her; so she said she did it to please her — pooh — her Husband; so I sed her Husband was a wise Man to make his Wife shew her — pooh — her Breasts in such a Town as this, such Treasure wou'd invite Pick-pockets enough to rob him of it. And thus with this wanton Woman I wast-ed my — pooh — my Spirits.

Pod. So you have done now more then needs, you might have told us the News in the time you have told the Story.

Flo. 'Tis true indeed — Well, I'll tell you the News, you may see how things go, for my part I am glad I have not long to live, to see the Nation Ruin'd.

Br. Why what's the bus'ness?

Flo. There's a *French* Fleet upon the Coast, and six of the principal Commanders lurk in the Disguise of *Pilgrims* about Mount *Vesuvio*, to burn the Town by night, and let in their Friends.

Pod. I knew all this several Hours ago.

Flo. Is it possible my Lord? you have excellent Intelligence.

Pod. So I have.

Flo. I'm sure 'tis not half an Hour since I invented it.

[*Aside.*

Pod. What do you think made me raise the Militia?

Br. Was it for that?

Pod. Do you think I rais'd 'em for nothing, I never do a foolish thing.

Br. And why wou'd you not tell me?

Pod. I had some Reasons of State.

Flo. And what will your Lordship do in it?

Pod. What else, but seize 'em?

Br. We must do it very privately, least they ha' notice, for they have Friends in Town.

Pod. You need not teach me my bus'ness, nor that they have Friends in Town, what meant the Order to put down Two Regiments o' the Militia?

Flo. Was there such an Order?

Br. I was an ear-Witness.

Pod. You may see how things go: whereupon I smartly replied, Wou'd they have Two down, said I? then I will have four more up, said I, smartly.

Flo. That was very well.

Br. As well as I cou'd have advis'd.

Pod. Sir, I know what I do.

Br. I protest I thought you had done it onely to cross 'em.

Pod. Sir, I have deeper fetches in things then you are aware of.

Br. I see you have.

Pod. Now you shall see how I'll mannage this bus'ness, I will leave my Hat, Gown, and Perriwig here, put on your Hat, Coat, and Perriwig Bricklayer, and go out so disguis'd, that my own Family shall not know what is become of me,

F

Flo. That

Flo. That will do very well.

Br. I cannot advise better.

Pod. Then I'll go to your House Bricklayer, and there send for Twenty Men such as I can trust, and Arm them, and when that's done I won't trust them neither, but take 'em along, and they themselves shall not know whether they go, What say you to this?

Flo. Incomparable.

Br. Very well; but why wou'd you not do this before, since you had intelligence of these Men?

Pod. For good reasons you may be sure, I never do a foolish thing; come, give me your things.

Br. What shall I wear my self?

Pod. Any Porters so far as your House,
Now will not this deal with Pilgrims?

Mr. Florio, have you strength to go with us?

Flo. To mount *Vesuvio*? I may as well hope to carry the Mountain on my back, but if I had strength I durst not venture.

Br. Why, what are you afraid of?

Flo. Pride, Pride, I am mighty apt to be vain, formerly a little success in a Jest or a Song, or Libell, wou'd ha' made me a notorious Afs; imagine then, if when I come from this great expedition, I shou'd see my name in every Intelligence, my Picture on every Wall, what an insufferable haughty Coxcomb I shou'd be? Lord, Lord, I shou'd be so proud!

Br. For my part now, I go o' purpose for these things, and intend to fit for my Picture as soon as ever I come home, I was bid Money for my Face yesterday.

Flo. You who have but one infirmity, need not fear it. But my Vices like *Tories* ride in troops, and if one gets into me, a hundred will follow: if now I am sick I shou'd love your praises, when I am well I shall love your Wives.

Pod. He speaks a great deal of reason, we'l go without him.

Br. But who shall guide us?

Flo. My Lord needs no Guide.

Pod. No, I know where they are to a hairs breadth,
Here comes my Wife, don't let her know who I am; I remember I read in *Plutarchus*, that *Brutus* wou'd not trust his Wife *Portia* with Affairs of State, I'll imitate his Politiques.

Ros. No News o' my Lord?

Flo. I suppose Madam he's busied about some great affair.

Ros. Mr. *Florio*, I have an humble address to make to you.

Flo. What is it good Madam.

Ros. I am a Woman more nice and careful of my honour; then any other Woman is of her face or skin; in my Husbands presence I am secure from malice, but in his absence I can never open my doors but slander will enter, even

[*Podesta disguises himself.*]

*Arm'd with a Blunder-
buss at his back.*

[*Enter Rosaura.*]

even your Religion and Vertue Sir cannot hinder her from following you in, and fastening on us both.

Flo. Slander will have lean food in me Madam.

Rof. All's one Sir, 'tis best to avoid her. I would therefore humbly beg you at all times of my Husbands absence to bestow your excellent conversation elsewhere.

Flo. 'Twill be very prudent Madam.

Rof. I hope you'l not take it ill Sir.

Flo. By no means Madam.

Do you hear what an excellent Wife you have?

[*aside.*

Pod. I know her Sir.

Flo. An Admirable Woman!

Pod. Sir, you need not inform me.

Rof. Who ha' you got wi' you there?

Flo. A very Honest Man Madam.

Rof. Are you sure o' that? 'cause these are dark times, a Knave will shine in 'em like rotten Wood by night, And that Man has a notable out-side, he resembles much my Husband, who is one of the wisest men in this Age.

Flo. Do you hear?

Pod. Sir, she is a Woman of vast parts.

Rof. I have a great fancy to secure him.

Br. Pshaw, we shall have a fiddle faddle with her, and spoil our business---
Get you gone, go. [Exit Podesta.

Rof. How does he flye? that's suspicious. Seize him.

Br. Away, away Man, I'll follow you.

[Exit Bricklayer.

Flo. No good Madam, I'll be bound for him.

Ha! Ha! what a Coxcomb is this? now is he gone he knows not whether, to catch he knows not whom.

Rof. What an Excellent thing, and how Useful in the World is Credulity?

Flo. 'Tis so, to many excellent Trades,
To the sparkish Fop, the Shopkeepers large faith swells his Feather and garniture, To the Polititian, the believing empty-headed Rabble are his Bladders. But oh 'tis of excellent use to a Lover.

Rof. And to a Trade you ha' not nam'd — a Swearer.

Flo. A Lover is a Swearer, a private one, he is not a publique Evidence, a Swearer-General.

Rof. You were once Swearer-General to our whole Sex.

Flo. But I recant, and now will I kiss no Book but these sweet Lips.

Rof. Hold! not so fast.

Flo. Why, what's to do?

Rof. I must blush a while.

Flo. Blushes are for the Morning of Love, we have travelled many tedious hours since that, and without any refreshment, except baiting now and then

then at a Kiss, Those lips are delightful places, but not the end of the Journey.

Ros. You say you have travel'd in Love, you say true, you have pass'd through many hearts, and I fear have wasted all your love by the way.

Flo. I have onely trifled away some unnecessary travelling expences, here will I lay out my whole heart.

Ros. A mortgag'd Heart!

Flo. Indeed it is not.

Ros. What security will you give me?

Flo. Have I not Pawn'd a Kingdom to you, I was King of Libertines, and I have left my Dominions, and all my fair female subjects to be a slave to you and a fool to the Priests.

[Knocks.]
Knocking! we're undone! have talk'd away our precious minutes, Heaven grant it be not the old Coxcomb.

Ros. Whoever it be, we are in an ill condition to be thus lockt up together.

[louder knocking.]

Flo. Venture to ask who 'tis.

Ros. Who's there?

Craf. 'Tis I Madam.

[Craffy within.]

Ros. 'Tis the fool Craffy.

Flo. What shall we do with him?

Craf. Madam, I must speak with your Ladyship.

[Within.]

Ros. Come some other time, I'm very busie now.

Craf. This business must be done now Madam.

[Within.]

Ros. Dispatch it where you are then.

Craf. I cannot, this is private business Madam.

[Within.]

Ros. Then you must let it alone, for I neither can nor will speak wi' you.

Craf. You must and shall speak with me, since you go to that, and if you won't let me in at the Door, I'll climb in at the Window.

Ros. You are sawcy Sirrah.

Craf. There is no business to be done without sawciness.

Flo. What shall we do with this Fellow?

Ros. Put on my Husbands Gown, Hat, and Perriwig, and lye upon the Couch as if you slept.

Craf. Will you let me in or no?

Ros. You are in great haste Sir.

Craf. Yes that I am, my business is earnest.

*Florio is disguis'd, and lies down, Rosaura opens the Door,
Enter Craffy Drunk.*

Craf. So she's all alone, as I hope to be say'd!

Ros. Well, what's your business Sir.

Craf. I

Craf. I have sweet business! delicate business, and I'll do't I'll Warrant me — Drunkenness has given me wit and impudence, if it don't disfigure me, I don't care, I am cursedly afraid 'twill put my features out of Rank and File, they won't march even, and gracefully, and in Battalia. [aside.]

Ros. Well, hast thou given me all this trouble, and now hast nothing to say?

Craf. Yes, I have something to say, and now it shall out. I come — I come — most sweet —

Ros. Speak softly, for your Father's asleep on the Couch.

Craf. My Father there! the Devil take him for his pains, that Block-head never did me any good, nor ever will; now he lies like a great Boome to hinder my Vessel from coming into the Harbour when the wind is fair: Od I could find in my heart to cut him!

Ros. Well Sir, you ha' no business it seems?

Craf. Od I'll do my business, and let the old Fool dispose his greasie Bags as he has a mind; I care not, I'll pass the *Rubicon*, and be *ant Casar*, *ant nullus* — I come then to tell thee such a story, as no Age, nor History, can do the like.

Ros. Ay, prithee let me hear that.

Craf. Ay, prithee let me hear that with a smile, many a *Roman General* has fought a Battle upon the encouragement of Birds that have not chirp'd half so prettily; Prithee let me hear that — And thou sweet Rogue, thou shalt —

Ros. The Bruit is drunk, and I never discern'd it.

Craf. Then thou delicate Creature, I come to tell thee, I love and adore thee!

Ros. Love and adore me? what does the Coxcomb mean? but why should I consider the meaning of a Fool in drink?

Craf. Nay, my News does come wet out o' the Press, that's certain, 'tis delicate News, is't not? what say'st thou? Have I no Darts nor Arrows in my eye? prithee look upon me, nay, look if this Fantastick Woman will look upon me? prithee look upon me, I'm newly Shav'd, and a Man looks like a notable smirk Rogue when he's Shav'd, his face is like a Bowl new wip'd, he may kiss the Mistriss if he has any skill, and I'll try.

Ros. Sirrah, attempt any Rudeness to me, and I'll waken your Father, and ruine ye; I am amaz'd he shou'd sleep thus!

Craf. I believe there is a Proclamation come out against sleeping, and the Rogue takes a nap to affront the Government, for nothing else could make a *Whigg* quiet so long, that's certain.

Ros. So Sir, you are a Ranting *Tory*, begone you had best, before I waken your Father, and you who are now so full o' Wine, be turn'd out o' doors, and want Bread, consider that Sir.

Craf. How! when I have thee before my eyes, dost thou think I can consider a Crust? what a pittiful hungry thought was there?

Ros. Dis-

Ros. Dis-inheriting then and starving, are nothing to thee.

Craff. I starve now, Love has dis-inherited my stomach, which, before I fell in love with thee, had as good a Title to meat as any stomach in *Chri-stendom*, that is, if meat be made for stomachs, and now if I were to go to Law with a Chicken for Crums, he'd Cast me, I shou'd ha' nothing to shew for 'em, so that I must enjoy thee that I may eat agen.

Ros. Enjoy me Sirrah! do you know who I am, you dare mention such a Word before me?

Craff. Know thee! I, well enough.

Ros. Am not I your Fathers's Wife Sir?

Craff. And what of all that?

Ros. What of all that?

Craff. Thou think'st I warrant I'll be frightned with *Incest*? with fee, fa, fum, I am not a Child to be scar'd from a Sack-Poisset with a white sheet, if we must meddle with nothing that is a Kin to us, we must not eat or drink, for we are all near a Kin to our Victuals, but thou art no Kin to me, thou art onely tack'd to my Father's side by a Priest, and art no more my Mother then his Back-Sword is, for that's buckled to his side sometimes; Besides, I don't know whether he be my Father or no, I'm sure he is not fit for't.

Ros. Whatever I am to him or thee, 'tis sufficient I am nearly related to Vertue and Honour, and do not dare Sirrah, so much as to talk undecently before me.

Craff. Why dost thou talk undecently before me?

Ros. Who I?

Craff. Yes, thy eyes talk Bawdy, thou hast the wanton'st eyes that ever I saw in my life: Gi' me a Kiss, gi' me a Kiss I say—the best you have in the house, won't you? I'll come to the Vessel my self then.

Ros. Bless me! Husband! Husband!

Craff. Let him wake if he dares.

Ros. Oh Lord! what shall I do?

Craff. chaces her round Chairs,
Florio Snorts.

Craff. Ha! does he snort? let him snort agen, he has neither Powder nor Shot in his Nose.

Knocking at the door, Craffy starts, Rosaura opens it.

Enter Pietro.

Piet. Oh Madam! your Husband and the Bricklayer.

Ros. How! where are they?

Piet. Just coming into this Room.

Ros. Cannot your Master possibly get by?

Piet. Not possibly.

Ros. Oh misery! shame! death! what shall I do?

Craff. What's

Craff. What's the matter Madam?

Ros. Ha! what comes into my head! I'll make this fool beat his Father out; (*aside*) Oh your Father will be Murder'd, and I abus'd, here are Villains got into the house in Arms, one of them they say has a design upon my Person.

Craff. Your Person?

Ros. Ay, help us for Heavens sake!

Craff. Where are they?

Ros. Just coming into this Room, beat 'em out of the house, as you value your Fathers life, and my Honour.

Craff. I'll do't.

Ros. Here they come.

Enter Podesta and Bricklayer, with Musquets and Blanderbusses at their backs, their Wastes stuck round with Pistols, Craffy knocks his Father down, Pietro gets down the Bricklayer, whilst they are Scuffling Rosaura conveys Florio away, and lays the Hat, Gown, and Perriwig upon the Couch, as if one slept under 'em; after some rowling upon the Stage, Podesta gets Craffy undermost.

Pod. Some one help me to kill this unnatural Rogue.

Br. No, take him alive I charge you, that we may know who put him upon this horrible damnable Plot, for this is as horrible a Plot as has been these thousand years.

Pod. Sirrah, who put you upon this horrible wickedness?

Craff. Sirrah, who put you upon the horrible wickedness of attempting this sweet Lady?

Pod. This Fellow's Drunk.

Ros. As Drunk as he is, he asks no impertinent Questions, nor has he committed any great Error in the ill-favour'd Entertainment he has given you for entering my Husbands house in this armed posture, in these dangerous times, without giving me any notice what he has done, he did by my command, and I'll justify it.

Pod. This is a wise Woman.

Br. The Woman could not act wiser if she were my own Wife.

Pod. I'll reveal my self to her, Sweet-heart I am your Husband.

Ros. Come Sir, lay aside your unseasonable and unmannerly mirth, these are no Rallying times, or if they were, you are not my equal at Repartee with me: But now I think on't, see what's become of my Husband somebody, he has slept these two hours upon that Couch, and this rude Scuffle has frightened him away.

Piet. Indeed.

Pier. Indeed Madam, I fancy this is my Lord.

Pod. Sweet-heart, upon my Honour I left my Gown, Hat, and Perriwigg upon that Conch, and there's no difference between the Lord *Podesta* and me but a Gown.

Craff. Then there is Roguery, for there lay a Fellow under that Gown, I'll swear I heard his Nose go.

Ros. He says true.

Pod. Bless me! here's a Plot.

Ros. Some of the *French* Pilgrims to Murder you, and burn your House.

Pod. Most certain, fetch a Regiment of the *Militia*, I'll have a Centry at every door in my House, two at every Post of my Bed, and one under my Bolster.

Br. Search all the Tubbs, Pots, Bottles, and Vessels in your House, for Gun-powder.

Pod. Yes, and I'll unpave the streets to see if the Stones be not Hand-Granadoes.

Ros. 'Tis necessary, and I hope your Lordship will not blame me for defending your House, though you suffer'd something by it.

Pod. 'Twas admirably done.

Br. Wisely, very wisely.

Pod. Like a Woman that knows Man-kind.

Craff. Well, and shall I no praises have, That beat the Knave?

Pod. O 'twas very well done *Craffy*.

Br. Very well indeed.

Pod. But are not these Unhappy times,

That I can take no Joy

In such a Wife, and great Estate,

Craf. And such a Son as I.

[Exeunt.]

ACT,

A C T IV.

S C E N E *a Garden.*

Enter Podesta, Bricklayer, Captain of the Militia, and two Souldiers.

Pod. **C**OME, Captain, place those two Souldiers behind those two Doors, and then my House will be too hot for a Knave.

Br. For the justification of our Proceedings, we will print a Narrative of the Pilgrim under the Gown. As Paper, in *Holland*, passes for Money, Pamphlets with us pass for Religion and Policy : a bit of Paper in *Holland*, from a Man of Credit, takes up Goods here, pays Debts there ; so a Pamphlet will take up Fools here, make Fools there. A Pamphliteer is the best Fool-maker in the Nation. And this Story well improved——

Pod. The Story's well enough, what need we lye to no purpose ?

Br. By your favour, 'twill be to good purpose ; a Lye will give it the stamp of our Party. Lyes are the Supporters of our Arms, and the Great Seal of our Corporation.

Pod. If a Lye will do the Nation any Service, I shall not scruple.

Br. You would ha' no Reason ; for that Lye that does as much good as Truth, is as good as true ; *Ergo*, 'tis true. *Quicquid est idem, est idem*, is a Rule in Logick, but you know no Logick.

Pod. But I know a Rule in Divinity, that says, you are not to do Evil that Good may come thereby.

Br. Ay, that Good may come, and not come : but the Evil that does Good, is a Good Evil ; but no Evil is Good, *Ergo*, 'tis no Evil at all : But there's no talking Logick to you, you don't understand it.

Enter a Man with Prisoners Basket, and Beggars.

Pod. How now, what would you have ?

Man. May it please your Honour, My Lord.

Br. Speak to me, I am my Lord, that is, I manage all.

Man. It has always been a Custom for the new Lord *Podesta* to send poor Prisoners some relief.

Br. It has been a Custom you say ?

Man. Yes, Master.

Br. Is there any Law for it ?

Man. Law, Master ?

Br. Ay, for we will do nothing but according to Law.

Man. You would not have poor Prisoners starve, Master ?

Br. Sir, if they starve according to Law, no body has any thing to say.

Man. That's hard, Master.

Br. Go, get you about your business.

Man. Pray Master.

2 Begg. I hope, Master, you will be kinder to us, Master.

Br. Why, what are you ?

2 Begg. Honest, poor People, Master, that always us'd to have some broken Meats from my Lord *Podesta's* Table, and now we ha' not had one bit.

Br. Is there any Law for it ?

1 Begg. Law, Master ?

Br. Ay, for in plain Terms, we will do nothing for any body, that is not of our Party, but what we are forc'd to by Law.

1 Begg. We are all o' your Party, Master.

All the Beggars, and Man } Ay, Master, we are all *Whiggs*, Ma-
with the Basket. } ster, we are all *Whiggs*.

2 Begg. Master, I poll'd for you.

3 Begg. I poll'd three times over, for my Lord; came in three several Coats, and past for three men.

Pod. Say you so ? who employ'd you ?

3 Begg. The Doctor, Master.

Man. And several of our Prisoners poll'd for my Lord, Master.

Pod. Well, give 'em half-pence apiece.

Omnes.

Omnes. Half-pence !—my Lord——half-pence !

Pod. Well, when my Year's out, I'll consider farther.

1 Begg. We shall starve in that time, Master.

Pod. Go, go, begone, the *Bricklayer* and I are consulting about Affairs of State, for the good of you all, how to secure your Religion and Property.

2 Begg. Our Property, Master ?

Br. Go, go, you ha' no Property, nor, I think, Religion, you are idle Knaves——begone.

1 Begg. The Devil take you—a half-penny Lord, is the *Podesta's* place worth but a half-penny ? [*Aside.*

2 Begg. Plague rot you——a half-penny Lord, I'd ha' seen the Devil have you, before I'd ha' chose you, if I had known. [*Aside.*

All. A half-penny Lord——confound 'em damn'd Rebel Rogues, I hope to see 'em hang'd. [*Exeunt Begg. and Man.*

Br. Now let us to Counsellour *Bartoline's* Chamber, to know his Opinion, concerning our Arming and Fortifying.

Pod. One Lawyer is positive against us.

Br. That's a *Tory* Fellow, I don't mind *Tory* Law.

Pod. But he spoke a great deal of Reason.

Br. I care not a Farthing for Reason, Law, nor Scripture, if they side with the *Tories*. I prefer *Whigg-Nonsense*, before *Tory-Reason*: But come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Gentleman ; Bartoline and his Clark at a little distance after.

Gent. No body in the House here ? O Sir, you are the Man I desire to speak with. I suppose you remember me ?

Bar. I remember you ? How shou'd I remember all the People that come cho me ?

Gent. 'Tis strange you shou'd forget me, 'tis not long since I put just such another Fee into your Hand, as this.

Bar. Od sha me ! now you putch it incho my headge, I do remember you ; you come from ye *Vishroy*.

Gent. I do so.

Bar. He ish a worhy Genkleman, I shall be glad to sherve him.

Gent. The Business is, My Lord *Podesta* fortifies without his leave.

Bar. Doesh he? yen hesh a Yebel, shay I shay it.

Gent. But is there no Clause in their Charter will bear 'em out?

Bar. Shir, if yere be shuch a claus, 'twill overthrow yeur Charcher, 'twill argue the King was deshieved, so his Grant will be void; 'tish against ye Peyogative, ash I'll prove outch Common Law, and clea shatchute Law; and if I yonthrow 'em on yeur backsh I'll hang for't, sho chell ye Vishroy——But I'll be privath.

Gent. I'll tell him.

[Exit.

Enter Podesta, and Bricklayer.

Pod. O, here he is! come, Counsellour, we must speak with you.

Bar. You musht not, for I am very buishy.

Br. But these ten pieces must, and shall speak with you.

Bar. Why chruly, I have a great yeal o' buishness; but I have alsho a great kindness for boh you; for I hinke you are very honest Men, and wish well to ye Nation, and have very good yeshignsh. And I will do you what kindness I can, I will ingeed. Well, come, your buishness——huh——

Br. May the Subject——Subject? I don't love that word Subject: But, come, may the Subject Fortifie by Law, without leave?

Bar. May he wear a Shword by hish shide without leave? a shimple Shtory.

Pod. But a Lawyer told me the contrary.

Bar. 'Twash not ye Lawyer, 'twash hish Fee; and Fees will shay any hing.

Pod. He said 'twas against clear Statutes.

Bar. Yerfsh no shuch hing ash a clea Shtachute, hant we Lawyerfsh the penning of 'em, and do you hink we won't make work for our shelu'fsh? We hate a clea Shtachute, as a House-breaker yoesfsh a clea Night, I shpeak against my own Profession; for I'm an honest Fellow, I am worth but shix hundred a year, and I mightch ha' been worth twenchy, if I wou'd ha' beena Knave; but I love cho make a Consciensfsh of what I shay, and do, I do ingeed, ingeed I do.

Br. But we are told that 'tis so against Law, that if there shou'd be any such Power in our Charter 'twould argue the King was deceiv'd, and overthrow the Charter.

Bar. If such a Power in your Charcher shou'd overthrow it, 'twou'd

'twou'd argue the King had yeshieved you, mum, and who dares shay yat? yersh a chrick for you, yey chalk like Foolish and Knavish, yey don't know what yey shay, let me alone wi you buishness, dee hea? but privately, very privately. Come along, come. [Exit Bar. and his Clark.

Pod. This is a notable old Fellow.

Br. I was of his Opinion.

Enter Rosaura.

Ros. My Lord, will you continue those Guards and Centries about your House?

Pod. Sweet Heart, to ask my Wisdom questions, is to question my Wisdom.

Ros. I confess, you have reason to stand upon your Guard: 'twere well the People knew it; and your Son *Craffy* has a Pen fit for the purpose.

Pod. He shall meddle no more with his Pen, it has almost mop'd him. I would give five hundred pound he had never seen a Pen in's Life; but I will take him from it before he's too far gone, and enter him into business: Here he is Powder'd, a Feather in's Cap, and Chatechising. [Enter *Craffy*. his Face in a Glass; but it does not make him one wise answer, the Boy is spoil'd.

Cra. Ay, this will do—This will do—Nature writ no good Hand when she penn'd me, because she wrote after a damn'd Copy, the Fool my Father; but this will mend some Letters. This will take my Mother.

Pod. Craffy.

Cra. Drunkenness, like a Hog in a Garden, rooted up my Flowers, but now the Tulips in my Face begin to lift up their Heads.

Pod. Craffy.

Cra. They do i' Faith.

Br. Why don't you come?

Pod. Let him alone, all this is not his folly, but mine, who have let him take more Poetry than his Brains would bear, and have ruin'd my Child; and though I say it, a delicate young Fellow.

Br. I fancy he's turn'd Amorous Fopp, for he's broke out into

a Feather, and all those Fooleries that trouble Love-sick People.

Ros. Indeed his Feather says some such thing.

Br. And I'll take the Feathers word.

Pod. Before mine? do not you teach me to know my own Boy, nor any thing. I'd give you a hundred pound I were an Ass.

Ros. You may have it cheaper.

[*Aside.*

Pod. I mean in this, that I mistook the Boys Distemper. Lord, that I should let him spoil himself!

Ros. I have a mind to know his Contemplations. I'll go towards him.

Cra. Ha, my delicate Mother-in-law? I'm ready for her: I'll charge her with Smiles, Wit, Impudence, Modesty, Humility, all sorts of Weapons. First, with Humility upon my Knees. Most Sweet Dear——ha! my Father behind——That old Fool is always in my way——How shall I get from my Knees again! The Devil take him. Most sweet dear, Madam, pray to Heaven to bless me——Pray, my Lord, pray to Heaven to bless me.

Pod. Bless thee?

Cra. Ay, to bless me.

Pod. What o' this time o' day.

Cra. A Blessing will do a Man no hurt at any time o' day.

Pod. Well, the Lord bless thee, and deliver thee from Poetry, say I, it has utterly spoil'd thee: That ever I should let this Fellow tamper with Poetry. I cou'd ha' made him—I don't know what—I cou'd ha' made him such a States-Man, as these times cou'd not ha' produc'd. These times, pitiful Fellows, the Statesmen o' these times were all starv'd at Nurse. Some of'em were Foundlings, one found under a Rump, another was a Maggot in *English Noll's* Nose. A pack of strange Fellows they are all, in short, *Craffy*——

Cra. Most sweet Woman.

[*Aside.*

Pod. You shall never Write nor Read more; but be a Man of Business.

Cra. Yes, Madam.

Pod. Madam?

Cra. Yes, my Lord, I mean——

Pod. Did you mind what I said to you?

Cra.

Cra. No, Madam——yes, Madam,——Ay, my Lord, I mean.

Pod. Yes, Madam——Ay, my Lord——Sirrah, where are your Brains?

Cra. Brains Madam——my Lord, I mean.

Pod. In your Ink-Pot, Sirrah?

Cra. I'm now answering the Meddal.

Pod. I thought as much, the Devil take thy Poetry. Sirrah, meddle with Pen and Ink more if you dare.

Cra. Who must answer these things then? There's ne're a man o' Wit of our Party, but my self, and my things are discommended. I know several People don't like my *Hushai*: That I intend to call my Poem, *The Meddal Revers'd*, Written by him who was not the Author of *Hushai*, nor of any Pen writ of our side.

Pod. Come, Poetry be hang'd, and Prose too.

Br. Come, come, my Answer will be the best.

Pod. What's that?

Br. A Flail——if I meet with the Author in a convenient Place, I'll give him an Answer.

Pod. Yes; and, Sirrah, you shall never meddle with Pen, Ink, nor Book more, but be a Man o' business.

Cra. I shall be a pretty Man o' business, never Write nor Read.

Pod. Sir, the greatest Politicians of our times, never Write nor Read, as you may see by their Speeches.

Come, Sirrah, you have Wit enough, and Courage too, and we have Business, and Enemies to employ both, insomuch I shall not dare to go to Bed to Night.

Cra. Sha'n't you? Then I'll dare to go thither in your stead: I have shew'd my Mother my Wit, I never shew'd her my Skin yet, I'll tempt her with that. [Aside.]

Pod. I'll have you in the Head of a Party, go to Mount Vesuvio.

Cra. I'm resolv'd to steal to her when she's a Bed. [Aside.]

Pod. Get a Horseback presently, d'ee hear?

Cra. Ay, my Lord, in a rich Night Gown, *Point de Venice* Shirt, and Velvit Slippers.

Pod. How, a Horse-back in this Equipage? Do you know I bid you get your Horse?

Cra.

Cra. Ay, my Lord, wash'd from head to Foot in Rose Water.

Pod. This is mockery, give me a Cane.

Cra. O good my Lord.

Br. Come, let him alone.

Pod. I will not.

Cra. What's the matter? what's the Matter?

Pod. What's the matter wi' your Brains, Sirrah? For when I come to one side of your Head, they shift o' tother, that you never mind what I say. Get you gone you Rascal you.

Cra. Sweet Rogue, I'll be with thee at Night. (*Aside*) [*Exit*,

Pod. Would the Devil had had this Fellows Poetry: A Gentleman may carry a little of it for an Ornament and Pleasure, as a Lady carries an Orange in her hand, but to have a Fool carry a great Basket on his Head, like a Costardmonger; and break his Brains.

Enter Florio panting, Pietro leading him.

Flor. Clamb'ring up these Stairs, has almost spent me; I'm ready to tumble down dead.

Pod. Poor Man, how bad he is!

Ref. I wonder he's come abroad!

Br. 'Tis pity, he's a pretty Fellow.

Flo. My good Lord, I beg your Pardon a thousand times for the Liberty and Confidence I take in your House.

Pod. You are very welcome, good Mr. Florio.

Ref. You may believe my Lord, Sir, he's your very humble Servant.

Flor. Your Servant, good Madam. Why truly, we sick People take upon us a strange Authority, I know not by what Commission. I think 'tis because Sickness is Heavens Messenger, and when a Man is upon the Road in a Messengers Hands, all People give way, and I am riding Post.

Enter Doctor Panchy.

Doff. Where are you all? where are you all?

Pod. What's the matter?

Doff. Who says there are no Plots?

Br. He that has a mind to be hang'd.

Pod.

Pod. As he shall be. He that will not believe in the Doctor, must expect no Salvation in this Life.

Ros. What's the Plot, good Doctor ?

Dr. Only to cut your Husband's Throat, and all our Throats, that's all.

Ros. Oh, you ha struck me dead, some help, I faint.

Pod. Good Creature, she's swooning; who's there ?

Enter Women.

Wom. My Lord.

Pod. Your Lady swoons.

Dr. Carry her away, don't let us be troubled with Women.

Pod. Take her into the fresh Air, and give her some strong Water; and, do you hear? bring me some privately.

[*Ex. Women with Ros.*]

Br. Come, the Plot.

Dr. What do you think the *Tory* Rogues have done? they have met with our Paper of Association.

Br. What care we for that?

Dr. Ay, but they have drawn up one among themselves, in imitation of ours, cast one in our own Mold, taken our own words, and discharge 'em upon us.

Br. The Devil!

Dr. As you shall hear: We, the Loyal, &c. finding to the grief our Hearts, a certain sort of People, consisting of *Hobbiſts*, *Atheiſts*, *Fanaticks*, and *Republicans*, have for several years last past, pursued a pernicious Plot, to root out the true Religion, subvert our Laws and Liberties, and set up Arbitrary Power.

Br. Well, and what of all this?

Flo. Pray hear.

Dr. And it being notorious, that they have been highly encouraged by the countenance and protection given 'em by the Rabble, and by their expectations of the said Rabble coming to the Government. It appears also to us, that for these Designs, *Ignoramus* Garrisons have been established among us, by whose alliance these Men have laid a Blockade before the Crown it self, denying it all relief, unless 'twill own it self a dependance upon them.

Br. All this is true, and we are not ashamed of it.

H

Pod.

Pod. Go on.

Dr. And we considering with heavy Hearts, how greatly the Reputation and Honesty of the Kingdom hath been wasted, in maintaining the said Garrisons : And finding the same Counsels, after exemplary Justice upon some of the Conspirators, to be still pursued with the utmost Devillish Malice, and desire of Revenge, whereby his Majesty is in continual hazard, to be destroyed, to make way for the said Rabbles advancement to the Crown.

Br. Well, and what of all this ?

Pod. Have patience.

Dr. The whole Kingdom in such case, being destitute of all security of their Religion, Laws, Estates, and Liberties : Sad experience in the Case, the Rump Committee of Safety, *Nol and Dick in England* : And *Massianello* here, having proved the wisest Laws to be of little force to keep out Tyranny under no Prince, or no lawful Prince.

Br. I wou'd we had 'em.

Dr. We have, therefore, several times endeavoured in a legal way, by Indictments, to bring the said Criminals to condigne Punishment ; but being utterly rejected, and brought almost to despair, we bind our selves one to another, jointly and severally, in the Bond of one Firm and Loyal Society, and Association : And do solemnly Vow, Promise, and Protest to demolish the said *Ignoramus* Garrisons, which are kept up in and about this City, to the great Terrour and Amazement of all the good People in the Land.

Br. And shall be in spight of 'em.

Dr. And utterly destroy all that shall seek to set up the said Rabble's pretended Title, or shall raise any War, Tumult, or Sedition in his behalf, or by his Command, as publick Enemies, to our Laws, King, Religion, and Country, and this on penalty of being esteemed such our selves. Witness our Hands.

Pod. Are there any Names to it ?

Dr. Only Nick-Names to know one another by : As Loyal Domestick *Abalom*, and *Achitophel*, *Tory* Coffee-house, *Towzer*, *Heracitus*, and such Names, forty thousand.

Br. Oh, we have six times their Number.

Dr. Pray hear the Postscript : *Persons to be destroyed*, *Impri- mis the Podesta*.

Pod.

Pod. Am I to be Murder'd *Imprimis* : bloody Rogues.

Dr. Then the Doctor : And why after him, unmannerly Rascals ?

Pod. Why after me ? Sure, good Doctor, you won't dispute precedency with me.

Dr. But I will, good *Podesta*, with you, or any Man in *Christendom* ; what the Devil are you ?

Pod. What am I ?

Dr. Ay, if you compare your self with me, you are a Fop.

Pod. Fop ! You are an unmannerly Fellow.

Dr. How ! ho ! call one of my Men some body.

Serv. Sir. [Enter a Servant.

Dr. Go bid the Arch-bishop of *Naples* come to me, I'll make his Fortunes.

Br. Nay, nay, Doctor, Doctor.

Pod. He means, bid the Arch-bishoprick of *Naples* come to him, but it won't come, Doctor.

Dr. You are a Rascal.

Pod. Call a Constable.

Flo. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, are you out of your Wits, to quarrel who should be murder'd first ? I need care for it as little as you, I shall lose as few days ; for shame reconcile, pray reconcile.

Dr. Then let him not play the Coxcomb, if the Pope disparage me, I'd say he were a Rascal.

Br. Well, well, the *Podesta* respects you, Doctor, give him your hand.

Dr. Give him my hand first ? I'd scorn to do't if he were a Prince.

Br. Then give him your hand, *Podesta*.

Pod. Well come, Mr. *Panchy*.

Dr. Mr. *Panchy* ?

Pod. Doctor I mean, come Doctor.

Dr. Then come *Podesta*.

Flo. So, this is well, now let us know whose Throat is to be cut next.

Dr. The Bricklayers and yours : *Cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est.*

Flo. Will they cut mine ? They may spare their pains : well we had more need go to Prayers than Quarrel. Pray Doctor.

Dr. Pray, Fools Head ! what should we pray for ! That's like your Papiſts, who think to keep off Devils with Holy Water, as if a Devil were like a Cat, he cou'd not endure to wet his Foot : Theſe Devils are beſt driven away with Fire-locks.

Br. You are in the right, Doctor.

Flo. I'm ſure our Cauſe is in the right.

Br. We have a hundred thouſand Men, and they are always in the right : Set me in the Head of ſuch a general Council, and I'll be Pope, the only infallible Judge.

Pod. Ay, and have what forms of Worſhip you will ; when a Canons the Preacher, who dare ſhut up the Conventicle, and nothing opens and divides a Text like Gun-Powder.

Flo. Heaven turn theſe wicked Men, I love their Souls.

Br. Heaven turn 'em, out of the Kingdom, for I love their Lands ; that's my way of turning my Adverſaries ; and I'll ſet 'em part o' their way to Night : I'll ſhove the whole Town againſt 'em that ſhall be my buſineſs. *[Exit.]*

Pod. I'll go arm my ſelf, and then watch upon the Battlements.

Dr. I'll go with you. *[Exeunt Pod. Doct. Capt. of the Militia.]*

Flo. I'll to my Devotions : That is to your Wiſe——if I knew where ſhe was.

Enter Roſaura.

Roſ. Not far off.

Flo. I might ha' gueſs'd it by the ſudden gaeyty of all things, the whole Face of Nature ſmil'd on her ſweet favourite.

Roſ. Upon the ridiculous Cuckold, and his wife Companions, which you have finely fool'd ; for was not this Paper yours, Sir ?

Flo. It was.

Roſ. What a Gholt every Shaddow appears to a guilty Conſcience : Therefore I had not beſt conſent to your Murder of my Honesty, for I ſhall never ſleep for fear of the diſcovery ; and you Men commonly boaſt of thoſe Murders, and caſt a brazen Image of the dead Creature in an impudent Libel.

Flo. If this be not privately buried, it ſhall be your own fault.

Roſ. It ſhall be yours, for I have provided a Chappel fit for the Work, this Garden-houſe.

Flo. Then will I be a ſecond Nero : I have put all my City in a Flame.

And

And now, with Harp in Hand, I will survey
My burning *Rome*, and whilst it burns I'll play.

Ros. Then *Nero* take thy Harp into thy Hand,
The tuneful Strings will follow thy Command:
Now equal *Orpheus* in thy Art Divine,
Make all things round thee Dance, with one sweet touch of thine,
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E continues. Enter *Bartoline* with *Artall*.

Bar. Come, pray come in, Sir, ingeed I love your Compa-
ney mighchily. Come, how isht wi' you, Shir?

Art. Better and better, Sir, that is to say, worse and worse,
nearer my end, which I hope will be the better for me.

Bar. Ay, yer'sh no doubt on't, Shir, you're a very good
young Genkleman.

Art. Not so good, as I ha' been bad, Sir.

Bar. 'Tish no great matcher, Shir, we have all been bad; one
chime or anoyer.

Art. Not so bad as I, Sir, the Devil is not, cannot be so bad
as I, he cannot drink, can he, Sir?

Bar. Why chruly, Sir, I believe notch, I yont know what
he can goo, I yont chrouble my self much wid him.

Art. I was one of the Devil's Low-Countries, always under
a Flood: the Devil cannot Whore, Sir, neither, can he?

Bar. I yont know, Shir, in chroth, but I believe in general
heisha great Rashcal.

Art. I have not only debauch'd Women, but the whole Age,
poyson'd all its Morals, murder'd thousands o' young Consci-
ences, iung others asleep, pump'd others with Drunkenness, Sin
I Honour'd and Priviledg'd as a Peer to the Devil, Heaven I af-
fronted, Libell'd his Court, and in my drunken Altitudes have
endeavour'd to scour the whole Creation of Souls and Spirits,
now is it fit I shou'd be fav'd?

Bar. Ay, why not, Shir, yo'nt chrouble your shelf wi' yosh
mattchersh.

Art. I doubt I trouble you, Sir, with my tedious Discourses.

Bar. Oh no Shir ye'y are ve'y goodg ingeed: I never heardg
a Parshon chalk sho well in a Pulpet, and I hear'em shomechimes.

Art. Don't you go always to Church, Sir?

Bar.

Bar. Yesh, Shir, but we Lawyesh are sho employ'd all th' Week, y'at we may be excush'd if we chake a Nap a Shunday at a Shermon.

Are. You should not neglect the business of your Soul, Sir.

Bar. No chruly, Shir, but we have a great yeale of business, a great yeale of business.

Art. I do believe so, Sir, therefore I don't know how I can with any Confidence beg the favour of you to be one of my Executors.

Bar. O yesh shir, I'll find a chime 'for yat I wayant you, pray employ me, Shir.

Art. Thank you, good Sir, I will endeavour to reward your trouble.

Bar. O good Shir, what you pleash, I shall be glad of 'any ehoken of you love.

Art. I have drawn up some Heads of a Will.

Bar. You have y'one mighchy wishly, Shir.

Art. Will you please to look over it, Sir, as also some deeds of my Estate, whilst I lay me down? For I am very faint: Shall I borrow your Bed, Sir?

Bar. Ay, with all my Heart, Shir, *Lushenda*, Girl.

Luc. Husband.

[*Enter Lucenda*

Bar. Why gee come wi'out a Godly Book in your Hand, when you know how hesh inclin'd? (*Aside.*

Luc. I ha' none, you must lend me one out of your Study.

Bar. I ha' none in my Shtudy, ne've hadg one in my Life, we Lawyesh yead no Yivinichy—Buy one [*Aside.*] Come chake yish poo Genkleman, and lay him upon our Bedg, and cover him warm, and shit by him, and gee hear, chalke Goly to him; hesh making his Will, you yont know how you may win upon him.

[*Aside.*

Pray Shir go in, and I'll go cho my Shtudy, and come chee in a minute.

Art. Pox o' thy haste,
I'm in no haste, Sir, take your time.

[*Aside.*

Bar. No, no, I won't shtay shir, but pray let me lead you, for you are very weak.

Art. Oh, no Sir.

Bar. Pray Shir, let me.

Exit. Art. led by Bar. and Luc.

SCENE

SCENE continues : Enter Craffy.

Cra. What new Larum's this? And I'm enquir'd after to be made an Afs on; and sent on some silly Errant, and so shan't come at my Mother to Night: Pox, I'll ha' none o' these Foolish doings: I'll get out o' the way; and now I think on't, I'll hide my self in this Room; how now, the Doors shut, there's somebody in the Room sure. I'll peep—I'm shot—I'm shot—I'm shot——

[Throws himself down and raves.]

Enter Podesta, Doctor, Captain of the Militia, Souldiers, Bricklayer first.

Br. What's the matter? what's the matter? what's the News?

Cra. I'm shot, I'm shot, I'm shot.

Br. Guard, Guard, Guard, Train-bands, Podesta, Podesta, come hither all quickly.

Pod. Bless us, what's the matter?

Br. Your Son's kill'd.

Pod. My Son kill'd?

Cra. I'm shot——I'm shot——I'm shot.

Pod. Oh, where, where, where, poor Child——poor Boy.

Cra. To the very Soul, to the very Soul.

Pod. Oh my poor Boy, my poor Boy! who shot thee, and where are the Murderers?

Dr. Who should, but the Associating Bully Tories.

Cra. Ay, ay, Associators, Associators.

Pod. Dr. Br. Oh, Rogues, Villains!

Cra. A Whore and a Rascal are Associated in that Room, I mean your Wife and Florio are there joyn'd in one close abominable Bond of lewdness, and Cuckold you, as if they were to be hang'd if they did not dispatch it in a minute; the fight has shot me to my Soul, my Soul.

Pod. How, Sirrah, have you invented such a notorious Sham as this, to set me at variance with my Wife, and my Friend? and to buzz me wi' Domestick Confusions, that I might not ha' my Brains at liberty, for the publick? Is it possible?

Dr. Sirrah, you are a Traytorly Rogue.

Cra. I'll call you as much out of your Name, Sirrah, you are a Doctor of Divinity.

Br.

Br. Sirrah, you are an Associating *Tory*.

Cra. Sirrah, you are an Hermaphrodite, Compounded of to Sexes, Verse and Prose, and engender with neither.

Br. Sirrah, I make better Verses than your self: and Verses is all that you are good for: I make Officers and Jurymen, And Evidences, and Pictures, and Poppetts, and as good Verses as you into the bargain. I made your Father what he is. That you are an ungrateful Fellow to be thus saucy with me.

Pod. Come Sirrah, you are a notorious Parricide, and plot with Traytors against your Own Father.

Cra. Father you are an abominable Cuckold, and plot with him that makes you one, against your Own Son: I will swear *Florio* is in that Room aboard your Vessel and stealing all your Customs: And here you stand upon the Key and let him.

Pod. I will break open the door to shew thou art a Rascal.

Br. Are you mad. Is not this a plain Sham Plot? here are either Traytors or Treasonable Papers, and they will be found and laid to your charge.

Pod. You speak with a great deal of Prudence; And I'll guard the door with my life, for my Honour is Concern'd.

Cra. Your honour is concern'd, for you're made a Cuckold.

Pod. The Honour of my Loyalty is Concern'd; for Sirrah you would make a Traytor of me: that you might hang me and get my Estate.

Cra. I will call a Guard, Break open the door, and shew that you are a Cuckold, the Doctor Bricklayer, a Couple of Pimps. And I see a Guard go by: Guard, Guard, Guard! Treason, Treason, Treason!

Pod. Nay then Militia, Militia, Militia, keep this door here, Treason, Treason.

Cra. Why who the Devil's able to bear this. Give me a Pike I'll force my way in.

Pod. Nay then Give me a Pike.

Cra. Oh Cuckold, Cuckold; Wittal, Wittal.

Pod. Oh unnatural Monster!

Doct. Villain.

Br. *Tory*.

Pod. Hold Gentlemen, I have considered of it: Because this Fellow is so insolent; and pottive and may report the world

hinder Truth from coming to light, to clear the Honour of my self, my Wife, and my Friend, I will open the door in the presence of you all, and you shall see what's there: And so Gentlemen all bear witness.

Br. You shall not open the door.

Pod. I will.

Br. You shall not.

Dr. He shall——Break Open the door.

Pod. Break open the door.

Enter Bartoline.

Bar. are you all madg? are we in Beglam here? you a Magisthchrate, and shuffer such dishorgerish as yesh in you housh, you may be asham'd: if you ha' no yegard cho your own cregit, ha shome pitchy on a poo Genkleman almost murger'd by the Noish you make. your own friend *Mishe Florio.*

Pod. *Florio!* why where is he?

Bar. Upon my bedg, giving up the Ghosht.

Dr. So Sirrah, and you say he is in this room.

Cra. Giveing up the Ghost upon that old Fello'ws Bed?

Bar. Now the sham-plot's plain.

Cra. Then he has given up the Ghost, and I saw his Ghost in this Room.

Pod. And has Wife given up the Ghost too, Sir?

Cra. I don't know, but if they were Ghosts, they were the lewdest Ghosts that ever I saw.

Br. Come, Sirrah, confes your Rogueries.

Cra. What Rogueries? Is it Treason to be mad? If he be there, my Wits are not here; I'm crack'd, and there's an end.

Bar. Sho, shcolding again? I shuppose he'll consfiger your Shivilitiesh in hish Will, which he's now a making. *[Exit.]*

Pod. So, Sir, we shall loose all our Legacies through your Roguery; come ask him pardon on your Knees.

Br. I'm cruel afraid he'l dye before we come; let's go quickly, quickly. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

Florio and Rosaura coming out of the Room where they were hid.

Flo. Ha! gone! this was good Fortune, away to thy Chamber, my Dear.

Ros. And do you go home.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Artal.

Art. Pox on't, my pretty Opportunity is cast away in a Storm; I must make t'other Voyage: I venture boldly into the Dominion of these Arbitrary Rogues, who have a strange absolute Authority over their own Consciences, in Lying and Swearing: But Love, Love, Love.

[*Exit.*

Enter Podesta, Bricklayer, Doctor, Crafty, Barroline, Lucinda, Militia.

Bar. Gone away in dishonour?

Luc. No, but in great pain, he said his Head was torn in pieces.

Bar. Well, I shall be no looser, he knowsh 'twash not my fault. Come away Girl.

[*Exeunt Bar. and Luc.*

Br. Now I'll see what's in this House; Fellow Souldiers, Guard me in, and have a care o' me.

[*Ex. Br. and Souldiers.*

Enter Waiting-woman.

Wom. My Lord, my Lady's extreamly discompos'd with the fright she had about your Lordship, and begs there may not be so much noise, it almost kills her.

Pod. Poor kind Heart, where is she?

Wom. In her Chamber upon her Bed.

Pod. So, Sir, and you said she was in this Room.

Cra. Well, I'm mad, and there's an end.

Pod. Tell her there shall be no noise made.

Enter Bricklayer and Souldiers.

Br. There's nothing in this Room.

Pod. Nothing?

Br. Nothing.

Dr. What do you say to this, Sirrah?

Cra. That thou art an Ass to talk to a Madman, for my Wits ha' given me the slip all o'th' suddain; I don't know how, nor which way.

Pod.

Pod. Truly I'm convinc'd he says true, and my Hearts ready to break.

Br. I am partly o' that mind; for in the Room is no sign of a Sham-plot.

Dr. He does look wildly, that's the truth on't.

Pod. He's mad, he's mad, and I ha' lost my Child, my dear Child, my poor Child.

Cra. Well, well, poor Father, don't take on so, my Wits are not gone far, they'll come again, I warrant 'em, for I don't know who the Devil will entertain 'em, they were mad for o' Wits, and they are as mad that entertain a Poets Wits.

Pod. Oh curse, curse on Poetry, that ever I should let thee meddle with it, my poor Boy.

Cra. Nay, prithee Father don't take on thus, thou'lt make me cry too.

Pod. I am so griev'd, that I will eat and drink and sleep, and never mind what becomes o' the World.

Br. Fy, fy, you won't be so wicked as that.

Pod. Wherefore should I trouble my self, when I have no body to inherit my Labours?

Br. You ha' Friends enow, the Doctor; and I another.

Pod. Puh, a Child's above all: don't we see old Politicians venture their Necks for half a Child, a Changeling? And I have lost a Boy worth millions, millions; and so I'll enjoy my self till my Heart breaks, and there's an end.

Br. Come, come, leave off this.

Pod. No, I remember a saying of a Wise man:
Who plays the Knave t' enrich his Son, a Fool,
Is like a Fox that ventures for a Prey,
To bury it in some poor dirty hole,
And feed an Idle Dog, that trots that way:
The Beast is torn with fruitless pain and care,
And hang'd at last to make his Foe his Heir.
I shall play the Knave, and be hang'd for a mad Son, and so have
a *Tory*; beg my Estate, No, no, no.

Exit.

Br. Let's after him, and get him out of this humour. *Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE *the House*

Enter Artal.

Art. I Am strangely taken with this sweet young Creature ; 'tis so pleasant to drink at such a fresh Spring, which never Brute de'd, or muddied : This old Fellow is but a wither'd Tree, that shades it ; 'tis so much wholesomer to love then the sophisticated Beauties o' this Town, which sicken and kill an Intrigue in few days. Ha ! where's my Gown and Cap ? I came in such amorous haste, I forgot my sick dress, and I shall never be able to act my sick part without it ; But I ha' no patience to go back for't now — Here she comes ! My Dear ! where's the old Devil that would hinder our happiness ? Old Tempter I — [*Enter Lucinda* will not call him.

Luc. I will not tell you.

Art. But you do.

Luc. What ?

Art. That he's abroad, your Smiles say it ; those Birds would be gone, if that Winter were here. They say he won't come home a great while.

Luc. You are a Witch I think

Art. We'll lose no time.

Luc. Fye ! Fye ! you must not do such things as these.

Enter Bartoline, and his Clerk.

Cler. O Sir ! here's a Gentleman kissing my Mistriss.

Bar. How ?

Luc. Oh dear, my Husband !

Art. Sirrah, you lye ; unsay't again, or you are a dead Rogue.

Cler. No, no, Sir you did not indeed. Sir, I mistook, this is the

the sick Gentleman, Mr. Florio.

Bar. How? a sick man kish my Wife?

Art. No, no, I am not the sick man.

Bar. What are you, yen? call shomebody; cho sheize the Rogue.

Art. Yes, yes, I am the sick man——I don't know what am, a pox.

Bar. Yesh, yesh, I know what you are, a Raschcal; and you choo have abu'sd mee, a yamn'd Rogue and Shlut.

Art. No, no Sir——

Bar. Why do you geny your shelf yen?

Art. Sir, I was afraid you might be jealous, because I was whispering in your Ladies Ear, my Lungs being weak.

Bar. Your Lungsh weak, and huff, and rant like a Bully? ah! you are Rogue.

Art. That was only a sudden blast of Zeal for your good Ladies reputation and mine, 'twill shorten my dayes. I ha'n't above a Month to live; and I have spent a fortnight's Breath before hand.

Bar. Oh you Raschal! have I catch'd you in your chricksh? ha' you sherv'd mee shulsh.

Art. Why do you censure so rashly? I appeal to your Lady.

Bar. Make a partchy Judge? no you have put choo goedg a Fee in you hand, cho let her bechray your Caush.

Luc. You wrong me extreemly.

Bar. I wrong'd my shelf, cho entcher incho Bondsh of Marriage, and cou'd not perform Covenantsh, I might well hinke you wou'd chake the forfeychure of the Bond, and I never found equichy in a Bedg in my Life: But I'll trounce you boh, I have pav'd Jaylsh wi' the Bonesh of honest People yen you are, yat neve' did me nor any Man any wrong, but had Law o' yeir shydsh, and right o' yeir shydsh, but cause yey had not me o' yeir shydsh, I ha beggar'd'em, 'hrown'em in Jaylsh, and got yeir Eshchatsh for my Clyentsh, yat had no more chytte to'em yen Dogsh.

Art. And were you a good Man in that?

Bar. I wash a good Lawyer, and sho you shall find cho your cosht, we' in yish twelvemonth you shall not be worth a groatch.

Art. Oh, I have too good a Title to what I have.

Bar.

Bar. Chytle? I value not your Chytle: Beggarish ha' not sho many chrickish, cho make shorsh in yeit Bodyesh, ash we have cho make 'em in Chytlesh. But I'le chell you what, I'le draw you up an exshellent Chytle cho the Jayl; and if you have any Children, I'le shettle it upon you and your Heirsh for ever; a Jayl shall be the Sheat of your Family. Od sha' me, if any brishke Rogue wou'd cut hish 'Hroat neatley, and privateley, yat nothing might appear against him but Shircumshansesh, I'd bring him off, proviged it be not a shimple Rogue, yat wantsh Money. *[Aside.*

Art. At this rate, your Wife shall be never the better for the Settlement you have made upon her.

Bar. No, no more than I am the betcher for the Shettlement the Priesht hash made of her upon me, the Devil chake him for hish painsh, wou'd I cou'd find a flaw in't.

Art. Now thou makest me angry, thou ungrateful Knave; suppose she and I have sinn'd, hast thou got an Estate in the Devil's Service, and wou'dst thou hinder his work.

Bar. Oh! you impugent Whoremashcher!

Art. Sirrah, you have made more Whores than ever I did.

Bar. I make Whorsh?

Art. Yes, thou hast debauch'd whole Families by begging 'em, made Father and Mothers Bawds to their own Daughters, to earn that Bread thou hast cheated 'em off.

Bar. You lye, you lye; but if I have, I only follow'd my chrade.

Art. Well, and it may be my Trade is Whoring, and I'le follow that.

Bar. Follow it wi' your own Commoditchyesh then, and don't meggles wi' mine.

Art. No more I ha' not, your Clerk is a lying Fellow, and your Lady a vertuous young Woman, and my near Kinswoman; and since you abuse her, I'le take her into my protection: Come, Cousin——

Bar. Oh brave Rogue! he chaksh away my Wife before my Faysh: Shirrah, I'le ha' forty Actions on you back preshently.

Art. Then in a little time will I have forty Swords at your Throat, French Swords, I'le let in the Enemy, and cut the Throats of such Rogues as you, who abuse your Trade, and like so many Padders, make all People deliver their Purse, that ride

ride in the Road of Justice. Better be rul'd by the Swords of gallant Men, than the Mercenary Tongues of such Rascals as you are.

Bar. Bear witness, Chreashon, Chreashon, horrible Chreashon.

Art. I defy thee, do thy worst; I am *Florio*, Prince of *Whigs*, never without a chosen Life-guard of Jury-men, with brazen Consciences, proof against Oaths, like Bucklers against Arrows. So, come away, Cousin——Now will this Rogue fall on *Florio*.

[*Exeunt Art. and Luc.*]

Bar. Oh impudent yam'd Rogue; Shirrah, be sure you remember all yish Chreashon, ha' you a good memory?

Cle. Yes, Sir.

Bar. I mean a ferchile memory, will a 'hing grow in it?

Cle. I'll remember enough to hang *Florio*, I'll warrant him, I'll remember all he said.

Bar. And more choo. And becaush the Rogue runsh away wi' my Wife, he'll shay, I proshecute him out o' Malish; sho if no Body swearesh against him, but you and I, the Rashcal may come off: yefore we musht look out for an Evidensh or choo more. Go cho shome able Atchurney, they are acquainched with 'em all, I'll look out for shome my shelf, and run my for Lord Chief Jushchishesh Warrant, cho apprehend yish Rashcall. Go quickly, quickly.

[*Exeunt Bar. Cle.*]

S C E N E *continues.* Enter *Podesta*, *Rosaura*, *Florio*,
Doctor, Bricklayer.

Ros. Impudent, lying, perjurd Villain, accuse me of being a secret Strumpet?

Flo. And me of being your Gallant? I'm in a fine condition to be a Gallant to a fair Lady.

Ros. All's one, Malice will believe it, and I, though innocent, shall live in reproach.

Flo. Not long, Madam, not above a Week; my Doctor has confess'd to me, I shall dye some day next Week, and then I suppose this Story will dye too.

Pod. How! are you to dye next Week?

Flo. Yes, a great Lady will call for me, the only Lady in the World, I have an Intrigue withall.

Pod. What Lady?

Flo.

Flo. The Moon, my Lord, the Moon; she has an Intrigue with my Body, and never puts on new Cloaths, but at my Cost: she means to be very fine about *Thursday* come sevensnight, that is to say, in the Full; and then the World will see if my bankrupt Body be able to carry on such a Trade.

Raf. All's one, Sir, if you were dead, Malice wou'd live and entertain Censure.

Pod. Well Sweet-heart, as long as I don't entertain it, you need not troubled.

Raf. I confess, if I have the comfort of your Love——

Bri. You have, you have, Woman; don't make more fiddle faddle then needs, and hinder us from business of consequence.

Pod. Sweet-heart, no body takes a Degree in my University, but they perform their Exercises, which you two have done, I have had experience of your Vertues, and pronounce you both innocent. All the Shame and Grief is mine, that my only Son, the Pillar of my Family is crack'd or rotten, mad or a Knave: I say he is mad.

Dr. I say he is a suborn'd Rascal:

Br. I'm o' the Doctors mind.

Pod. I'll give you an unanswerable reason to the contrary.

Dr. What's that?

Pod. I never discover'd it, not so much as in the Boys Face, and I'll see through such a Boy as he, as plain as through a new-laid Egg. The oldest Face shall no more cheat me, than old Coin does an Antiquary.

Dr. And what am I? an Owl.

Pod. I don't say you are.

Br. You two will kindle again.

Pod. No, the Boy shall decide the difference, I ha' sent for him; here he comes.

Enter Servants with Crafty.

Cra. This Woman is a Whore, and I was in the right.

Pod. What say you now? does not the Madman peep through all his Looks and Gestures? [*Aside.*

Dr. I'll examine him——*Sirrah.*

Cra. Hold your prating——damn'd Whore.

[*Aside.*
Pod.

Pod. De'e see? stark mad.
Dr. Who stubborn'd you to accuse your Mother of being Prostitute to *Florio*?

Cra. Who stubborn'd you to accuse the Title of Doctor of Divinity, of being a Prostitute to such an ignorant Ass?

Dr. Sirrah, I am a Scholar, and you are an ignorant, saw-cy, pragmatical Rascal.

Cra. Nay, if Rogue and Rascal be *Latin* and *Greek*, thou art the best Scholar in *Christendom*, for no Man living is so vers'd in those Languages.

Dr. When I use those Languages, I, like *Adam*, give every Beast it's proper Name.

Cra. And when I call thee ignorant Coxcomb, I give thee no other Name then thy own Sermons do. That thou art an insolent Fool, is the only true Doctrine thou preacheest.

Pod. Is he mad, or no?

Bri. He is more Knave, than Fool, Sirrah, don't you abuse the Doctor.

Cra. How do I know he's a Doctor, we have only his word for it, nor that neither when he Preaches.

Dr. Sirrah, I'll hang you.

Cra. Ay, thou art a Doctor at that.

Dr. Ay, and of Divinity too, you impudent Rascal.

Cra. Where did you take your Degree in, *Beargarden*?

Dr. In a learn'd University, Sir.

Cra. I, the University of Coffee-houses, the University of Lies, where, if any one speaks Truth, the University forfeits it's Charter. There thou'rt a Doctor, and the *Bricklayer* principal Fellow of a College.

Bri. Don't you meddle wi' me, you malapert Boy you, the greatest Lords and Politicians of the Kingdom, of our Party, won't be so saw-cy wi' me as you are, but Court me, and are proud o' me, and depend upon my Counsel and Countenance.

Cra. Depend on thy Countenance! They have a foolish dependance——damn'd confounded Woman, great with a Rascal

Gnaw'd with Diseases, till he's as venomous as a chaw'd Bullet, and refuse me——Jilt, I'll make her great with me.

Pod. You see what Sallies of madness he has in't raffy! but to what purpose shou'd I speak to him? *Craffy*, if you have any

understanding ; say whether you saw your Mother in the Garden-house with Florio, or not.

Cra. Why I will swear that——

Pod. Look upon her.

Cra. She's the handsom'st Woman in the World, what Breasts she has!

Pod. The handsom'st Woman ? what's that to the business ? Is not this distraction, Gentlemen ? Answer to the question, did you see her in the Garden-house with Florio ?

Cra. I'll see her there with me, or I'll——

[*Aside.*

Hark you, Gentlewoman, you know I saw you there ; I have three Witnesses to swear it ; meet me there, I'll bring you off.

[*Aside.*

Ros. Your Witnesses are perjur'd Rascals, and you are an Ass, who abuse me just now I'm coming to have more inclination for you, than my Conscience will admit of.

Cra. Say'st thou so——

[*Aside.*

I did not see her there, I did not.

Pod. Then thou art mad.

Cra. Will you meet me there ?

[*Aside.*

Ros. Perhaps I may, if you'll be civil.

Cra. Delicate Rogue.

[*Aside.*

Now I swear I did not see her there, but that damn'd Rascal I did see there ; an impudent rotten Fellow, that has never a sound bit about him, of his own, but is inlay'd like a Cabinet : that he shou'd dare to kiss and embrace such a delicate Woman as my Mother, there.

Pod. Why, did he ?

Cra. Did he ? ay, a hundred times, I saw him, a Rascal.

Pod. And yet just now, you said she was not there.

Ros. How now ? was I there ?

Cra. I forget my self—(*Aside.*) No faith she was not there.

Pod. How cou'd he embrace her then ?

Cra. In his fancy, I saw her in his Fancy, as plain as cou'd be, he has a huge fancy for her.

Pod. Fancy, Lord help thee Boy, thou hast strange fancies ; take him away, he's a sad fellow—take him away, or he'll break my heart. Look him up!

Cra. Lock me up : how shall I come at my Mother then ?

Pox take it.

[*Ex. Serv. Cra.*

Flo.

Flo. He's far gone.

Pod. I think my Judgment is to be rely'd upon.

Flo. I wish in his madness he had not torn my good Reputation, the only Image of a Man we ought to venerate.

Bri. I would have nobody's Picture preserv'd but the Doctors.

Flo. Nor I. Well, I have news to tell you from another World, the very Devils have more care of us, than our pretended Friends. A Spirit appear'd to a Country Maid, and told her, *Naples* would be burnt on this Night, if care was not taken.

Pod. Is it possible! where is the Maid?

Flo. In the Country, she was coming to Town, fell ill by the way, so she has sent the Story to the Viceroy, by the Post.

Pod. And what says he?

Flo. He laughs at it.

Dr. He's a fine Fellow.

Br. He's in the right, why the Devil wou'd not the Spirit come Post himself, but deliver a Message of this consequence to a silly Country Gossip? The Devil never imployes any but Fopps of Spirits, he's not fit to be a Devil, I'll justifie it.

Pod. How do you know 'twas a Devil? May be 'twas the Soul of some of our Friends.

Br. Let it be whose Soul it will, I say the Soul was a Fop. I think People, when they are dead turn *Tonies*; they never say one wise word, nor ever come into any wise Company.

Dr. The Viceroy is a pure Canary-Bird, I'll have him turn'd out of his place, I'll prove he is a *Mahometan*, he was Circumcised at *Bar—bar—badoes*.

Pod. I believe you mean *Barbary*, Doctor.

Dr. Why, ay, *Barbadoes* is the Latin name for *Barbary*. I love to swear like a Scholar, and a Doctor, as I am.

Bri. Well, I'll go put all the Town in Arms. [Exit. Bri.]

Dr. I'll go wi' you, I dare not stay in any House. [Exit. Doct.]

Pod. I dare not stir out o' mine.

Enter a Servant conducting Pietro, who is disguis'd like a Spaniard o' Quality.

Serv. My Lord, here is a Great Gentleman says he must needs

Speak with your Lordship presently, about affairs that concern your self.

Pod. Look to me, for I know not what he is.

Pie. My Lord, I must beg leave to whisper you.

Pod. You may, Sir, but I must also beg leave to use caution, these are dangerous times; some men ha' been almost whisper'd out o' their Necks.

Pie. I come from the Viceroy; he is sensible of your great Parts and Interest, and desires to speak wi' you presently; and if you will be his Friend, he offers you your own terms, for Honour, Profit, and Greatness.

Pod. Ha! is it come to this? I like this — Sir, I'll go.

Pie. A Chair waits for you at the door; he desires this Intrigue may be manag'd with all secrecy 'till 'tis settled.

Pod. 'Twill be best — He's a Wise Man. Mr. Florio I'm call'd away about matters of very great Importance, I must take my leave.

Ref. O' this time o' Night, my Lord?

Pod. It must be.

Ref. Would the Nation were settled once, that we might enjoy one another.

Pod. It may be very speedily. Good Night.

Flo. Good Night, Madam.

Pod. You go too, Mr. Florio! are you well enough?

Flo. All's one, my Lord, my good Name is the Child of a sick Man, seldom sound, never thought to be so. I must be tender of it: Good Night, Madam; come, my Lord, I'll see you in your Chair.

Pod. No, no, I cannot stay for your dreaming pace: I'm in haste.

Flo. Pray, my Lord.

Pod. I cannot stay, I cannot stay; good Night, good Night.

[Exit. Pod. Pietro.]

Flo. Ha, ha, ha, how greedily this Fool swallows the Bait, Is the room, that must pass with him for the Court, and secure him till his Horns be grown, so drest he cannot know it to be one in his own House?

Ref. That was my care.

Flo. You see my Man's new furniture has cheated him.

Ref. So shall the Room.

Flo.

Flo. Then we may securely hoise Sail for the Love.
All the Mudd that barr'd it up, we have convey'd away, and
I will come a Shore on these white Cliffs, and plant my Heart
there for ever.

Ros. Do so, and I'll promise thee the Happiness and Wealth
I gain by the Residence of my Prince, shall not make me un-
gratefully Factious. Be true to me, and I'll be most Loyal to thee.

Flo. Then we'll be the happiest pair in the whole World.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Changes. Enter Pietro conducting the Podesta
with Ceremony.*

Pie. My Lord, you are very welcome to Court.

Pod. Your most humble Servant, Sir.

Pie. Take not your private Reception ill, for few or none are
entrusted with this Intrigue; 'tis a great State secret; and great
Honours, to my knowledge, are designed you, no less than
the High Office of Lord Treasurer.

Pod. Lord Treasurer?

Pie. Sir, I speak what I know; 'twill be some time before
you come to it; and the Viceroy will expect you sacrifice to him
the Doctor, Bricklayer, Florio——

Pod. Ay, and my Father too, if he were alive, he should
hang'em all. Lord Treasurer!

Pie. I hope, my Lord, you won't refuse some Oaths—and——

Pod. Nothing, I'll refuse nothing, Sir, for such Honour as
this: Lord Treasurer!

Pie. I'll acquaint his Highness with your Arrival: you must
be willing to suffer some attendance, the common affliction of
all Courtiers.

Pod. I'll do, or suffer any thing, for so much Glory as this.
Lord Treasurer!

Pie. Your humble Servant, my Lord. [*Exit Pie.*]

Pod. Your most humble Servant, Sir: Lord Treasurer! to
what Grandeur am I rising? Some of the Court are coming.

Enter

Noise of picking the Lock, and Enter Craffy.

Cra. So, I ha' got out o' my Prison.

Pod. *Craffy* in Court!

Cra. So, I have shut back the Lock admirably, and got out of Prison: my Father! but why shou'd I be afraid of him? he thinks me mad, and will be afraid o' me.

Pod. What a notable Boy is this? I thought he was mad, and he has more Wit than my self, h'as climb'd to preferment before me; I always said this Boy had nimble parts. Son,

Cra. My Lord.

Pod. You are surpriz'd to see me in Court.

Cra. In Court!

Pod. I am as much surpriz'd to see your Wit, which so subtilly disguis'd your Policy under pretended madness.

Cra. Policy! am I grown from a Madman to a Politician?

Pod. Well, I am proud o' thee. Father and Son, both Favourites! o' my word we shall be a great Family. Well——what says the Viceroy to thee o' me?

Cra. Viceroy!

Pod. Ay, and how art thou in with the Vice-Queen?

Cra. Vice-Queen!

Pod. Ay, for Women have great power in all Courts. Did'st now come out of the Vice-Queen's side?

Cra. Out of her side!

Pod. Her side, that is her part o'th' Court?——her Apartments; thou think'st I'm a raw Courtier; no, Sir, I know Court Phrases.

Cra. My dirty hole, the Vice-Queens Apartment!

Pod. Why art so shy to thy Brother Courtier? I'm thy Brother Courtier now.

Cra. Now wou'd I give ten pound to know which of us two is mad; if I were sure he were mad, I'd run and beg him presently; but the danger is, lest I be beg'd my self.

Pod. Thou art close wi' me, but I'll be open with thee: I have sold all the *Whigs*, and my self into the Bargain; and what dost think the Court gave me?

Cra. I don't know.

Pod. The Lord Treasurer's place; I am to be Lord Treasurer, Boy.

Cra.

Cra. Father !

Pod. Child.

Cra. The Lord blest thee, and deliver thee from Poetry, for thou art a sad sight.

Pod. Ha ! a noise ! the Court assaulted ! I am cruel affraid the *Whigs* ha' made some attempt upon the Court, and got the better, then will they catch me in Court, and hang me for a Turn-coat.—hide Boy, hide.

Cra. Yet cannot I tell which of us is mad, or where I am.
[*Ex. Pod. and Cra.*]

*Enter Governour, a Guard, Doctor and Bricklayer Prisoners.
Porter of the Podesta's House.*

Gov. Friend, you were best confess where your Lord is, before I break open any more Doors, for if I find him in the House, after your denial of him, I shall punish you.

Port. Indeed, if it please your Highness, he never came home since he went abroad with a strange Gentleman.

Gov. Your Lady you say's a Bed, and will not be disturb'd ?

Port. I must disturb her, if it be your pleasure, but she has forbid any Person coming near her Chamber.

Enter Podesta and Craffy peeping.

Pod. The Governour o'th' City here ? then the *Whigs* are worsted, and I'll shew my self.

Cra. The Governour here ! then this is the Court.

Pod. My Lord.

Gov. De'e see, Sirrah ? your Master's in the First Room I come in.

Port. I did not know it, indeed, my Lord.

Gov. Secure the *Podesta*.

Pod. Secure me !

Gov. Ay, the Viceroy will endure your intollerable disorders no longer. Arm the City at mid-night, and send your Agitators abroad to disperse new minted lies among 'em, the Coin wherewith you pay all your Forces. I have order to secure you all.

Dr. I fear you not.

Bri.

nand my *Habeas Corpus*.

Pod. Ha! am I trapp'd? was this fair oath Viceroy to entice me to Court, with promises of Honours and Preferments, and then secure me?

Gov. The Viceroy entice you to Court with Promises?

Pod. Yes, you had not seen me in Court else.

Gov. Why, when did I see you in Court?

Pod. When! that's a strange Question. Where am I now?

Gov. That's a stranger Question. Do you not know where you are? do you not know your own home?

Pod. My own home? why am I at home?

Gov. The man's mad.

Cra. Then the disputes at an end? my Lord, I beg to be his Guardian.

Pod. If I be at home, I have had a fine trick plaid me, and by this Gentleman, I am glad I have you Sir: { Enter pray let him be secur'd, and examin'd Sir, where am I? } Pietro

Pie. At home Sir.

Pod. At home! and wherefore did you entice me out of my house, and after you had danc'd me to and fro, bring me home again, pretending you brought me to Court.

Gov. Confess. Sir.

Cra. His Periwig, and false Beard, confess 'twas that his Master might make my Lord Treasurer a Cuckold—for this is Florio's man—

Pod. Florio's man! then his Master is an Impostor, my Wife a Slut, and I'm a Fool.

Dr. And a Knave, for I believe you went abroad with designs to betray us.

Pod. I shan't inform you Sir.

Bri. There's not an honest man in the world.

Cra. Now am I to be believ'd, or no? Sirrah you Pimp, where ha' you pimp'd this couple together?

Pie. In the next room.

Gov. Force open the door.

[The Scene is drawn, Florio and Rosaura are discover'd sitting Arm in Arm, They offer to fly, and are catch'd.]

Cra. You Villain—[draws]

Gov. Disarm the fellow.

Pod.

Pod. You Strumpet.

Cra. You Jilt.

Dr. You Rogue.

Bri. Tory in *Masquerade*.

Gov. Are you sick Sir? I'll know the state of your body.

Pod. My wife can tell.

Gov. There's another Lady shall enquire a Rack.

Flo. That Lady's a scurvy bedfellow, I'll spare her pains.

Pod. Are you to dye a *Thursday* come-fennight?

Flo. I believe 'twill be put off a little longer now.

Cra. So, you are a healthy Rascal, are you?

Flo. Why truly I find my self very finely well, I thank heaven, very well.

Bri. Oh you shamming Rascal!

Rof. How! ha' you abus'd mee thus? and are you an Impostor?

Pod. And would you abuse us, Madam? and cheat us into a belief you did not know it?

Rof. Do you believe I did?

Pod. Did not all our eyes see you Arm in Arm?

Rof. What o' that? I invoke heaven to witness—

Pod. Away you Strumpet.

Rof. Is it possible—

Pod. Never come near my bed, or fight more.

Rof. I invoke heaven to witness—

Pod. What?

Rof. That thou shalt never come near my bed, or fight more.

Pod. Oh Impudences!

Rof. The impudence is yours. I modestly conceal'd your shame and mine, and you would force me impudently to confefs.

Pod. Is it my shame that you are a Strumpet?

Flo. Yes, she is a true *Whig*, and has revolted from you, because you did not pay her nightly Pension well.

Pod. I hope you have Sir.

Flo. I wonnot say whether I have, or no.

Pod. But I will say thou art a Rascal.

Flo. I'me an honest man than your self, and truer to my Principles, you would have left 'em for Preferment. I

L

retain

retain 'em, our Principles are, he is not to be regarded who has a right to Govern, but he who can best serve the ends of Government; I can better serve the ends of your Lady, than you can, so I lay claim to your Lady.

Ref. And you have my consent.

Flo. So, I have the voice o' the Subject too; then you are my wife, and I'll keep you.

Pod. Oh brave! Sir, must this be?

Gov. Ask the Law, I must do all things according to Law.

Cra. Your Servant, My Lord Treasurer; these are a fine Crew, Sir. Here's the Bricklayer, Sir, a fine Privy Counsellor, is he not? he expects also every day to be a Colonel, he is already a Colonel Presumptive.

Bri. Very well.

Cra. Here's the Doctor too, a fine Divine, Sir.

Dr. Sirrah don't meddle with me.

Cra. He applies himself very much to the Bible, I mean to kiss it. He Prays much, so help him the Contents o'th' Book, and they have helped him to many a pound, though they and he scarce ever saw one another. The Bible is the only Benefice he has, Sir.

Dr. Sirrah, I'll have your Ears.

Cra. Never when you Preach, Doctor. They are all very good Men, never take Heavens Name in vain, that is, Swear, and get nothing by it; but to get your Estate, or command, they'll Swear your Head off.

Gov. That I believe.

Cra. They are moderate Drinkers o' Wine, but will Carouse Water abundantly, for they'll drink your Rivers, Fish and all, and put your Land into it for a Toast, if you'll let 'em. And yet sometimes they have very narrow Swallows, they cannot down with a little Church Ceremony, but they'll swallow Church Lands, Hedges and Ditches.

Gov. Well, my Lord *Pedesta*, your Office the Viceroy and the Council will order be manag'd by a wiser Man.

Pod. I wonnot part wi' my Office but by Law. I have done nothing but by the Advice of Able Council—Here he comes.

Gov. That Knave.

Enter.

Enter Bartoline, and two Witnesses.

Pod. Counsellor *Bartoline*, will our Charter justifie us?

Bar. In What? keeping a Bawdy-housh? your Housh hath been made a Bawdy-housh, notch by me, but by *Florio*, your shicke shaint——a yam'd Rascal.

Pod. I know it to my sorrow. But the Question I ask is, will our Charter justifie our Arming without the Viceroy's leave?

Bar. I have chold you it will a hundred chymish, and let the Vishroy do hish worlht.

Gov. How! bring that Knave to me.

Gen. Sir, the Governour ot'h' City commands you to come to him.

Bar. The Governour here? od' sha me, yen I'me ruined, I'me ruin'd.

Gov. Sir, did not the Viceroy retain you for his Lawyer, and did not you fend him the direct contrary Opinion?

Bar. Yesh and pleash your Lordship, and I sent his Highness chru Law. I only shcatcher'd Chaf among these Fellowsh cho catch 'em, caush I found 'em arrant Rashcalsh, and cho shew my Loyalty, I have drawn up Articlsh of High Chrea-son against 'em, and you may hang 'em all.

Dr. What a Rogue's here?

Bri. This was you that understood Mankind.

Pod. He never pretend to it more.

Bar. There yey are Shir——

Gov. Articles of High Treason, with other High Crimes and Misdemeanours against *Don Pedro*, Duke of *Offuna*, Viceroy of *Naples*: How! Articles of Treason against the Viceroy?

Bar. Oh, My Lord, My Lord, I ha' given you the wrong Paper, yat wash a Paper I drew to delude yesh Rogush. Pray dont chake advanchage of an old fumbling Fellow.

Gov. An old Blood-hound.

Bar. I beg you Lordships pardon on my kneesh.

Gov. Oh, Sir, if the Viceroy were at a Bar, you'd bring him upon his Knees.

Bar. Ingeed I am Loyal Shir. I have discover'd a horrible Plotch,

Plotch, one *Florio* has Plotched cho open the Gatesh, and lertch in the *French*.

Flo. How?

Gov. What, *Florio*?

Bar. A debaush'd Fellow, yat prechends to be Shick, and Godly, Preachesh up and down for a Benefish: Yat ish any Mansh Wife he likesh.

Gov. Here's the Man you speak of.

Bar. Then I desire he may be apprehenged for High Chrea-shon. I have choo Witnessesh will Shwear all yish upon him.

Flo. what means the Rascal?

Bar. Yesh are the Men.

Gov. What Country-Men are they?

1. *Wit.* I am an *Irish*-man, I'me not asham'd o' my Country.

Gov. What Religion are you of?

1. *Wit.* Hubbubbow! ask an *Irish* Man what Religion he is of, thertainly if I be an *Irish* Man, I'me a good Catholick.

Gov. Well, and what can you Swear against *Florio*?

1. *Wit.* I'll Shwear hesh a Knave and a Rascal, and a Traytor, and hash been in a Plot.

Flo. What Plot?

1. *Wit.* To kill all the Town, and let in the *French*; yesh indeed.

Flo. Kill all the Town by my self.

1. *Wit.* No, I wash to have a touth and Cobs to help tee.

Flo. Cobs! what are those?

1. *Wit.* Pieshes of Eight——and I wash to have ten hundred of 'em.

Flo. To do what?

Wit. To let in the *French*, and make a Fire in the Town, and cut all our Troatsh; yesh indeed.

Flo. All our troatsh? wast thou to cut thy own throat?

Dr. Sir, we won't have our Evidence basled——he means All our throats——dost not?

Wit. Yesh indeed——all our throatsh.

Flo. I'll swear I never saw this Fellows face before in my life.

Wit. Hubbubbow, tou hasht drunk above a tousand times ushquebagh wi'me, to de carrying on of tish plot.

Flo. Ushquebagh! what's that?

Wit. A brave Liquor tat we have in *Ireland*, tersh no such

such here, I never shaw any here.

Flo. How could I drink it then?

Wit. I don't know how you could't drink it, but you hash drunk it above a thousand times, and a thousand.

Gov. Come, come Sirrah, I doubt you are a Villain.

Wit. Hubbubbow! you talk it like an English *Ignoramus Jurymen*, wilt you be an English Heretique, and not believe an Irishman.

Dr. Come, come, the Fellow's an honest simple Fellow.

Wit. Ay, by Shaint *Patrick* am I.

Dr. H'as discover'd a horrible plot, only wants expression. Is it possible you Rogue you? was this the meaning of all your canting, and deluding us, to lull us asleep whilst our Throats are cut?

Pod. Thou Monster! not only Cuckold me, but Cut my Throat.

Flo. 'Tis false.

Dr. 'Tis true.

Flo. I never saw the Fellow before.

Dr. I'll Swear, I have seen him with thee above forty times.

Cra. And so have I too—I'll teach the Rogue to ly with my Mistriss, I'll hang him if I can. [Aside.

Bri. So the Plot's prov'd, plainly prov'd.

Flo. A Plot to murder me is prov'd, but sure such a Rascal as this who has sworn Contradictions shall not be believ'd.

Dr. He is a Rogue, and a Traytor that does not believe every Word he says.

Enter the Clerk and Officers, with Artal and Lucinda.

Cle. Sir, I have catch'd Mr. Florio here.

Bar. What Florio? art out of thy Wits?

Cle. The Florio, that was to let in the French, and run away with my Mistriss, I ha' catch'd 'em together, and brought 'em.

Bar. Thou art Mad, our Evigensh has shworn against a noyer Man.

Cle. Then your Evidence is Mad, and don't know what they Swear.

Wit. Sir, I know what I Swear as well as you do, and know Mr. Florio as well as any Man, I have known him this seven years.

years, and know this Man to be the true *Florio*, and a Traytor that plotted to let in the *French*.

Cle. Then thou art a Rascal, and bought off, for this is the true *Florio*, and the Traytor that plotted to let in the *French*.

Gov. Then thou art a Rascal, and hired to be one; for I, and all the Town can swear his Name is *Artal*.

Cra. Oh, the Devil! all our Plot's confounded.

Gov. You *Irishman*, which do you say is the true *Florio*?

Wit. Tish ish de Man I wash bid to shwear againsht.

Gov. Bid to swear against? who bid you? confess, or the Rack shall make you.

Wit. Oh! preedee do not wrack me, and I will confess. Tish Knave and I had shome acquaintansh, and sho I had shome occasionsh for Money, and I borrow'd shome of him, and he had shome occashionsh for Teshtimony, and sho I tought I wash oblig'd in shivility to lend him shome Teshtimony, and sho he bid me shwear againsht one *Florio*, and shaid tish was de Man, but if tou wilt forgive me, Ple shwear him off again.

Gov. So, Sirrah; and who put you upon this?

Wit. An Attorney, Sir; employ'd, I suppose, by this Counsellor.

Dr. O notorious mercenary Rogues! who'll believe such Rogues as they are?

Bri. None but Rogues.

Gov. Just now you said he was a Rogue that wou'd not believe 'em.

Dr. Ay, when they said the same things that I did: what I said was confirm'd by *Craffy*, a considerable young Man, Heir to a great Estate, and of a spotless Reputation, no Man can say the least against him.

Gov. And what say you, *Craffy*? speak truth, if you mean to have any Ears.

Pod. Or any part o' my Estate.

Gov. Did you ever see this *Irish-man* with *Florio*?

Cra. I only spoke in a little Passion: I have some of the Doctors Infirmities, I'm passionate, and apt to swear in my passion.

Flo. Be perjur'd in a Passion?

Dr. This Fellow's the lyingst Rogue in the Nation, and has been so from his Cradle.

Gov. Just now you said no Man cou'd say the least against him.

Br.

Bri. Sham upon Sham.

Art. My Lord, I'll clear all. This young Woman is my Kinswoman, I hearing she was Married to that Old Man, brought to Town, and lodg'd in a House which *Florio* frequented; she not knowing me, I took upon me *Florio's* Name, and made addresses to her; partly to divertise my self, but chiefly to make tryal of her Vertue. The Old Man catch'd me in the act of Courtship, grew Jealous, and would have abus'd his Wife, which, to prevent, I took her from him, he, to be reveng'd, hir'd Witnesses to hang me for Treason.

Bar. I'll shwear he shpoke Creashon, but 'tish to no purpose, for now 'twil appear Malish.

Gov. To Prison with 'em all.

Art. I beg your Lordship to intercede with the Viceroy for the Old Man, for my Cousins sake, and command him to use her kindly.

Gov. I shall consider of it.

Bar. I hanke you Lordship, but my Heartsh broken.

Bri. Hang me, if you will: I'll swear I'm murder'd by Sub-borners and Shamplotters.

Dr. And Traytorly Rogues.

Art. Well said, *Doctor*, thou wilt give Titles in the last day of thy Reign.

Gov. The last day it shall be. The Viceroy, and all of us will put an end to his Absolute Negative Voice, his great power of degrading Lords and Dukes, into Rogues and Rascals, if they will not purchase of him the Confirmation of their Titles, by capping to him: Nay, of deposing Kings, if they slight his Councils. We will also Dissolve all his Privy-Council: And so Gentlemen, henceforward be wise, leave off the new Trade you have taken up, of manning State Affairs, and betake your selves to the Callings you were bred too, and understand. Be honest, meddle not with other Mens, matters, especially with Government, 'tis none of your Right. In short, trouble not your selves more than needs.

Chiefly you Married Men, for all allow

You Married Men, have private Plagues enow.

F I N I S.

The EPILOGUE spoken by Mr. LEE in the Character of Bartoline the Old Lawyer.

Enter a Gentleman in Bartoline.

1 *Gent.* **S**IR, I come to you from certain worthy Gentlemen, the World is pleased to call *Whigs*. *Bar.* *Whigs*? Sir, they are the Props and Pillars of the Nation.

1 *Gent.* Sir, There is a Poet has been so bold as to write a Play against 'em, in which several of 'em think themselves abused; now, Sir, they desire to know if they have not an *Action of Slander* against the Poet?

Bar. Ay, ay, Sir, he's a Rascal. 1 *Gent.* And may not have considerable Damages? *Bar.* Oh! very considerable—

1 *Gent.* Here are two Pieces. *Bar.* Two Pieces—? pretty indifferent damages—I believe they may have some Damages.

1 *Gent.* Here's one great person thinks himself much abus'd, and has sent you 20 Pieces. *Bar.* Sir, he shall have great Damages, he shall trounce the Poet, a Rascal to abuse great persons.

1 *Gent.* Ple tell him—*Ex.* *Enter a second Gent.*

2 *Sir*, I come to you from a person that wants your Council, but he is a swingeing Tory. *Bar.* Well, he's ne're the worse man, provided he has a swingeing Purse.

2 *Sir*, he has writ a Play against Faction, and some *Whigs* think themselves hit home in it, and they are bringing *Actions of Slander* against him to punish him.

Bar. Sir, if he has hit the *Whigs* home, he is a good Marks-man, for now they are all upon the Wing.

2 *Sir*, he desires to know whether there lies an *Action of Slander* against him or no? and so, whether he had best compound the business in time, or go through with it?

Bar. Oh! let him go through with it. 2 *And* you will assist him?

Bar. Ay, ay, in private. 2 *But* he has no Money, he must Sue

in *Forma Pauperis*. *Bar.* *Forma Pauperis*? Oh! damn'd Rogue, does he

abuse Great Men, and has he no Money? Tell him I have consider'd it, and I

won't defend a slanderous Rascal in abusing honest men. 2 *You* said

you would help him through with it. *Bar.* Ay, through the Pillory.

A Rascal without Money abuse Great Men, and then Sue in *Forma Pauperis*!—

Come the Court is sat—I must Plead for the Plaintiff.

YOU Learned, Revere and Judges in this place,

I come to Plead here in a mighty Case:

And I beseech you quickly make an end on't,

The *WHIGS* are Plaintiffs, *P.O.E.T.* is Defendant.

I'm for the Plaintiffs, they have Cohn good store:

Poets are in the wrong, because they're poor.

And I ne're mind a Cause but as I'm Feed,

Like Quacks, we Cure no Man that will not bleed.

WHIGS are my Clients; And, my Lords, I say,

They have been scandaliz'd in a damn'd Play,

Which those good men for busie Fops does fear,

Who waitant for Church and State appear.

What if such men should have no wit at all?

Pray did not Geese once save the Capital?

But savabese honest men be in the wrong,

Railing does to no private men belong:

Boldly to Rail is one of the chief Springs

Of the Privilege of Prince of Whigs;

TITUS the first, who did this Power attain,

— I take it—Anno primo—of his Reign—

From *WHIGS*, to whom by Custom it belongs,
WHIGS are all Freeholders of their Tongues,

And *Gens* too—

I'll prove it out of Janeway's Reports,

And the Decrees of several Coffee-Courts.

The *P.O.E.T.* has no title then to rail,

Let him be seiz'd, nor let Wit be his Bayl,

Wit is a Tory, ne're with us would joyn,

Wit never help'd the *Whigs* to write one Line.

'T has been accus'd, and in our Writings sought;

But still the Coroner Non inventus brought:

But Learned Judges, I leave all to you,

If you're for *TORIES*, I'll be so too.

Noint Witches, they will fly, though ne're so old;

I'll be as nimble too, noint me with Gold:

I'll quickly to the Tory Party skip,

Greaze my Fist well, I'll let our Faction slip.

T. I. N. I. S.

